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FEBRUARY 28, 1969

NIXON'S TRIP
The Stakes in Europe

TIME

Boris Chalingin...



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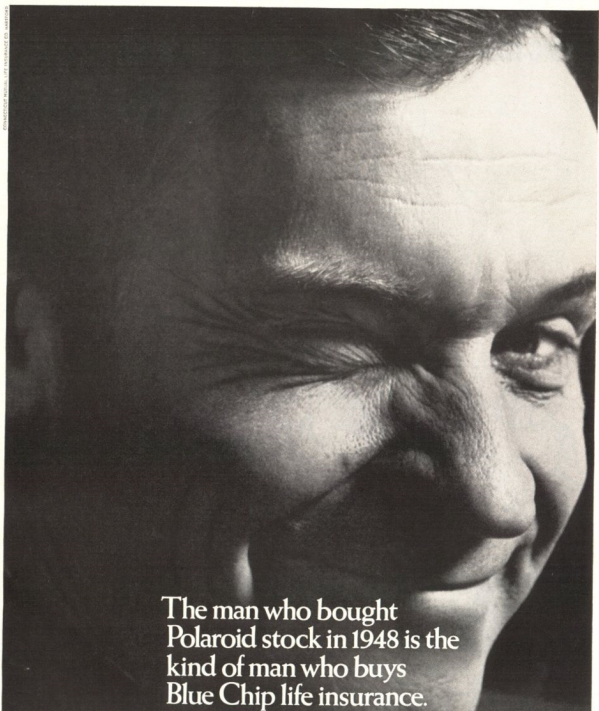
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**AMERICAN BUSINESS SPENDS SO MUCH TIME
WRITING IDEAS DOWN, IT BARELY HAS TIME TO THINK THEM UP.**





If you think it's hard to come up with ideas, consider how hard it is to communicate an idea once you have come up with it.

First, a businessman writes his idea in longhand or dictates it to his secretary who writes it in shorthand.

Then his secretary types the idea and, if she makes a mistake, erases it or retypes the whole thing. And if her boss makes revisions, she retypes the whole thing again.

In this way, a businessman and his secretary can take the better part of a morning to get an idea written and out the door.

Which leaves precious little time for the next idea.

Which is too bad, especially since ideas are the things that get a businessman ahead in his company and the things that get his company ahead in business.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Friday, February 28

THE FLIGHT OF APOLLO 9. Starting at 10 a.m., the Big Three networks will cover the launching of Apollo 9 as its three astronauts begin a ten-day mission that will include the rendezvous and docking of the command service module and lunar module, a crew transfer and the first U.S. space walk since Gemini 12 in 1966. Reports will be broadcast throughout the flight.

Saturday, March 1

CBS GOLF CLASSIC (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). Julius Boros and Don January compete with Kermit Zarley and Tommy Aaron in this week's match from the Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The World Figure Skating Championships from Colorado Springs, Colo.

THE WORLD CUP SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS (ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The world's leading skiers meet in Squaw Valley, Calif., in hopes of winning the honors held by Jean-Claude Killy and Nancy Greene.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). Billy Wilder's magnificent farce, *Some Like It Hot* (1959), stars Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon as innocents of the '20s chased by Chicago Mobster George Raft and Florida Millionaire Joe E. Brown.

Sunday, March 2

CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). Jennie's *Adventures in the Hopfields* begin when she breaks her mother's china egg and goes to work picking hops to earn enough money to replace it.

21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Group therapy, directed by a tape recorder, breaks down conventional human barriers to inspire free expression of feelings in a group of San Diego college students.

Monday, March 3

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 8-9 p.m.). Peter Ustinov conjures up a lively portrait gallery of his ancestors in "Ustinov on the Ustinovs." Repeat.

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Diary of a Student Revolution" closely follows last December's confrontation between the University of Connecticut's Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.) and the school's president.

Tuesday, March 4

THE UNDERSEA WORLD OF JACQUES COUSTEAU (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Seventeenth century sunken treasure from the Spanish Silver Fleet is sought by the *Calypso* in the Caribbean.

THE FILM GENERATION (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Polish, French and American film makers examine war from different angles, yet arrive at the same indictment.

THEATER

On Broadway

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen stars in his new play as Allan Felix, an exposed gangster of neuroses, guilts and self-recriminations, whose wife has just left him. Coached by his fantasy hero, Hum-

phrey Bogart, Allan does get a girl—he winds up in bed with his best friend's wife. The play does not properly progress along with the evening, but Allen's kooky angle of vision and nimble jokes are amusement enough.

CANTERBURY TALES. There is something innocent and sweet about Geoffrey Chaucer. Unfortunately, the Chaucerian spirit is largely missing from this British musical. The chorus boys' codpieces are ample, but they scarcely camouflage the empty boisterousness of both dance and bawdry.

DEAR WORLD is a musical based on Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillost*. Giraudoux's work had an elegance of manner and a sense of historical irony. Both are missing from this adaptation. Angela Lansbury as the madwoman covets with such raffish gallantry that she manages to save her reputation, if not the show.

Celebration is a musical that dwells in childhood's land of enchantment, with an Orphan and an Angel prevailing over the evil Mr. Rich. The story line could have been as sticky as a candied apple, but Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, co-creators of *The Fantasticks*, have written a fairly tale that winks at itself.

COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY was Sean O'Casey's favorite play, and the APA Repertory Company makes it a rollicking piece of theater. The Cock, magnificently plumed and wattled, is played with impudent elegance by Barry Bostwick. The most uninhibited performance, though, comes from a thatched cottage that whistles, rattles and sheds its vines in one of the most dramatic cases of demonic possession since the Gadarene swine.

HADRIAN VII. Frederick William Rolfe poured out a minor masterpiece of wish fulfillment in his novel *Hadrian the Seventh*, an account of how a rejected candidate for the priesthood is elected Pope. In Peter Luke's dramatization of the book, Rolfe becomes the hero of his own story. As the misfit made Pope, Alec McCowen turns in a splendid performance marked by his superb command of technique.

FORTY CARATS. In this frothy French farce, Julie Harris plays a middle-aged lady who is courted by a man just about half her age, while her teen-aged daughter runs off with a wealthy widower of 45.

JIMMY SHINE. Dustin Hoffman's bravura performance as a born loser stumbling through episodes from his past, his present and his fantasies, is the best thing about this fragmented, sketchy work by Playwright Murray Schisgal.

Off Broadway

ADAPTATION—NEXT are two one-acters, directed by Elaine May with a crisp and zany comic flair. *Adaptation*, written by Miss May, is the game of life staged like a TV contest with the contestants hopping from one huge checkerboard square to another. Gabriel Dell, in a performance that is laugh- and letter-perfect, is the hero who plays the adaptation game from birth to death. Terrence McNally's *Next* features James Coco, fortyish, fat and balding, as a potential draftee called up for his physical examination. Coco gives an enormously funny and resourceful performance in McNally's best play to date.

TANGO. David Margulies plays a young man who tries to rebel against his totally permissive home in this incisive comedy

on the contemporary value vacuum by Polish Playwright Slawomir Mrozek.

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN is a first play by Lonne Elder III about the disintegration of a black family in Harlem. The script is somewhat spindly, but Manhattan's Negro Ensemble Company, as usual, performs with skill, verve and beautifully meshed precision.

LITTLE MURDERS is a revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's first full-length play about a family living in a psychotic New York milieu of impending violence and violated privacy. Though it still seems a series of animated cartoons spliced together rather than an organic drama, Director Alan Arkin and a resourceful cast do achieve some razor-sharp social observation.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a warm tribute to Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry, put together from her own writings and presented by an able interracial cast.

DAMES AT SEA, with a thoroughly engaging cast and ingenious staging, is a delightful parody of the Busby Berkeley movie musicals of the '30s.

CINEMA

THE STALKING MOON is a western with classical aspirations but limited accomplishments. Gregory Peck saves the show by allowing his customarily rigid dignity to show an occasional flash of humor.

3 IN THE ATTIC. Campus lady-killer (Christopher Jones) gets his just deserts from vindictive girl friend (Yvette Mimieux) in this sleazy but somehow charming little comedy that is helped immeasurably by the presence of the two young stars.

RED BEARD is an epic drama by the master of Japanese cinema, Akira Kurosawa. Concerning himself with the gradual maturing of a young doctor, he has fashioned a kind of Oriental *Peter Pan's Progress*.

GRAZIE ZA! For his first feature, young (25) Italian Film Maker Salvatore Samperi has taken for his theme nothing less than the disintegration of contemporary morality. As often as not, a biting and original satirical eye gleams through the callow symbolism.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman broods once again on the social and spiritual obligations of the artist. In his 29th film, Bergman remains a foremost stylist, and his actors—Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand and Liv Ullmann—range effortlessly between fervor and restraint.

THE FIXER is an excellent screen translation of Bernard Malamud's Pulitzer prize-winning novel. Under the creative direction of John Frankenheimer, actors Alan Bates (as the accidental hero), Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm perform their difficult roles with superb dedication.

FACES. A handful of middle-aged people complain about what a mess they've made of their various marriages in this meticulously detailed film written and directed by John Cassavetes. Some of the direction and much of the acting are excellent, but Cassavetes never quite manages to overcome the fact that the basic situation is rather routine.

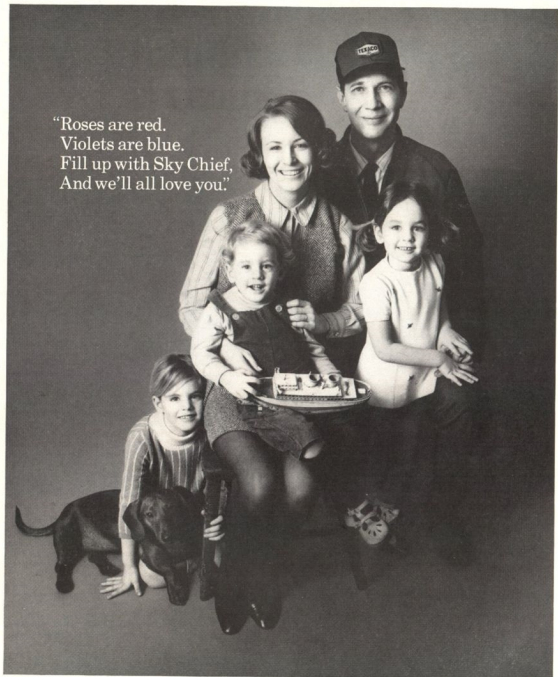
BOOKS

Best Reading

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, by Philip Roth. Laid out on a psychiatrist's couch, a 33-year-old Jewish bachelor delivers a frenzied and savagely funny monologue of lust and guilt reminiscent of the scat-

A message to Jack Benny:

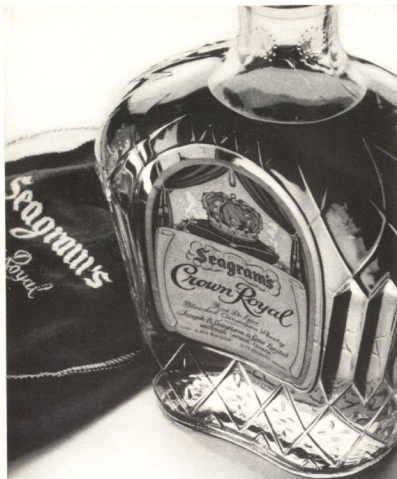
"Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
Fill up with Sky Chief,
And we'll all love you."



The Ken Murphys are a Texaco family. But their interest in getting Mr. Benny to fill up with Sky Chief is not just selfish. Sky Chief is a gasoline that can give better mileage, because it keeps deposits from building up on engine valves better than any other leading gasoline. The Murphys thought that would interest Mr. Benny. Sky Chief can drive down the cost

of driving and save money. They thought that would interest him, too. Yet, day after day, Mr. Benny keeps coming in to his Texaco Retailer to buy only one gallon at a time. The way Ken Murphy sees it, if Mr. Benny would fill up, he could save even more. Texaco Sky Chief—it's one reason more and more people trust their car to the man who wears the Texaco star.





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Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. About \$9 a fifth. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

ological nightclub performances of the late Lenny Bruce.

THE 900 DAYS: THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD, by Harrison E. Salisbury. Extravagant in its detail, this is the best account yet of the most murderous siege in modern history. Hitler and Stalin are its villains; its heroes are the people of the city, who clung to hope despite hideous suffering.

AFTERWORDS: NOVELISTS ON THEIR NOVELS, edited by Thomas McCormack. The writer's job is lonelier than the lighthouse keeper's, but given a chance to talk about their methods and their aims, 14 successful novelists respond here with vigor, perception and occasional ruefulness.

SETTING FREE THE BEARS, by John Irving. Two Austrian university students on a springtime spree plot to free all the animals from Vienna's zoo. In counterpoint to this quixotic escapade are the recalled events of Austria's and Yugoslavia's participation in World War II. The combination makes a startling first novel.

IT HAPPENED IN BOSTON? by Russell H. Greenan. Witless German art experts, villainous Peruvian generals, paranoid harrides, spying pigeons, nosy janitors and struggling artists are only part of the fantastic story that leads a deranged narrator, park-bench dreamer and master painter into forgery, murder and an attempt to kill God.

THE STRANGLERS, by George Bruce. The original "thugs" were Indian marauders who strangled travelers and robbed them. It wasn't until the 1830s, when their recent victims were numbered in the tens of thousands, that a crusading British officer finally wiped them out. A horrifying, little-known facet of Empire.

ZAPATA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, by John Womack Jr. A young (31) Harvard historian tells the great revolutionary's story with skill, judgment and a sense of compassion.

OBsolete COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING ALTERNATIVE, by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. Radical leader "Danny the Red" Cohn-Bendit and his brother analyze last year's "days of May" student-worker uprising in France, blaming its failure on lack of support from the French Communist Party and leftist trade unions.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (1 last week)
2. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (2)
3. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth
4. *Airport*, Hailey (3)
5. *Force 10 from Navarone*, MacLean (5)
6. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (4)
7. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (6)
8. *Testimony of Two Men*, Caldwell (10)
9. *A World of Profit*, Auchincloss (7)
10. *And Other Stories*, O'Hara

NONFICTION

1. *Thirteen Days*, Kennedy (2)
2. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (10)
3. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (5)
4. *The Money Game*, Adam Smith (1)
5. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (8)
6. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (6)
7. *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*, Goldman
8. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (3)
9. *The Trouble with Lawyers*, Bloom
10. *The Valachi Papers*, Maas (4)

THE ILIKAI, HONOLULU, WAIKIKI, HAWAII



**"Harriet Walker
will turn green with envy
when we tell her
about this place."**

The Ilikai on Waikiki. Where first-time visitors discover that life can be totally beautiful. Where even Hawaii connoisseurs find new pleasures, adventures, a new lease on life. Where you'll find breathtaking views of mountain and sea. Your own private, personal lanai. People who care about you.

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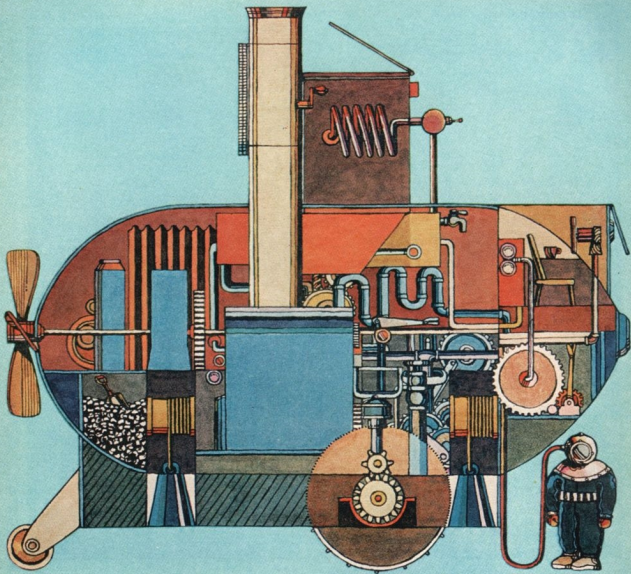
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Simon's idea was anything but simple.

Here's how Simon Lake thought about submarines:

Why not build one you could drive as well as dive? That way, you could steer anywhere you wanted along the ocean floor. Stop on impulse and go for a walk.

Lake's was an original idea in the field of underwater exploration. Complex but workable—intriguing as well as imaginative.

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But we're never satisfied with the present state of the art. There're more breakthroughs in the making at McLouth; just keep an eye on us.

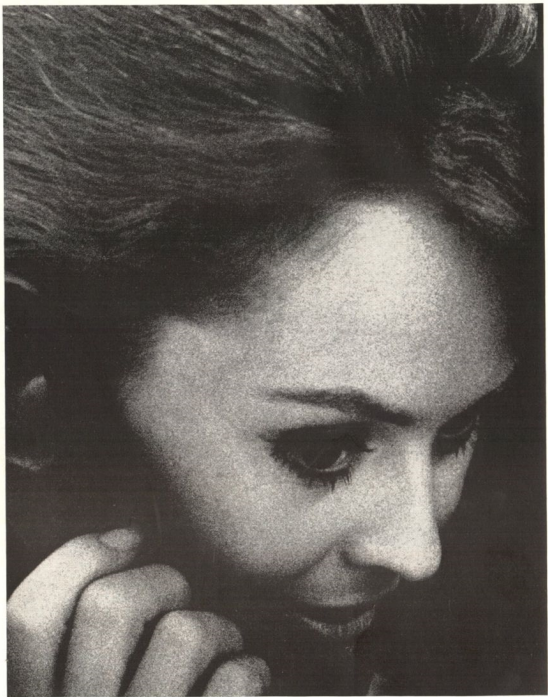
It goes without saying. We're always on the lookout for a better way—to make better steel.

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LETTERS

On the Scaffold

Sir: An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but what brings him to you when he is needed? Your cover story about the condition of U.S. medicine [Feb. 21] is an answer to the tired taxpayers', angered insurance policyholders' and bedraggled yet interested citizens' prayer! Up to this point, religion, politics, sex, and especially education have been placed on the American scaffold. What makes medicine sacrosanct? Bravo for the exposé of both the overworked, underpaid members of the medical profession and the utter lack of recourse of nearly all U.S. citizens in approaching the business of medicine on a knowledgeable level.

If your article awakens action in this area, it will leave as the only undeveloped areas of social justice the automobile-repair industry and the single girl.

YVONNE BOURGET

Boston

Sir: As an American physician I object strongly to the one-sided vision you and most Americans have of American medicine. I object to the implication that the A.M.A. consists mainly of money-hungry gnomes growing fat on the infirmity of others. I object to the implication that most American hospitals are shabbily administered barns where nature, gentle, understanding, heroic people are pricked, poked, herded and harassed practically against their will with almost no regard for their psychological and emotional needs. It just isn't so. But why this over-reaction?

Heretofore Americans insisted (undoubtedly with help from their doctors) on attributing a Big Daddy, pseudo-God image to any doctor. But just as adolescents learn that their parents lack perfection in all things, so also must increasingly educated Americans realize that their apotheosis of the doctor and his institutions was not only premature but also uncalled for. The consequence of the agitation your article typifies is unknown, but I hope it will lead to a rapid understanding by doctors and other paramedical personnel that everyone deserves adequate humanized care, and a realization by Americans that doctors and hospital personnel are highly trained technicians with an abundant interest in human beings.

KENNETH WOLSKI, M.D.

Chicago

Sir: In the midst of a great social awakening in this country, organized medicine stands as one of the last bastions of re-

action. Although our technical advances exceed those of other nations, our relative distribution of those advances to the people is declining. Until socially oriented medical progress can be initiated from the top ranks of the profession instead of always from the bottom (students), and until doctors can be trusted to police themselves, the richest nation on earth will continue to be the recipient of some of the poorest care. As a future member of the medical profession, I cannot and will not tolerate such an inhumane disparity.

DAVID J. MORRIS, '69
School of Public Health

University of California
Los Angeles

Whose Axiom Now?

Sir: From your article about Henry Kissinger [Feb. 14], I quote: "What remains constant is his concern with the fundamental uses of strength. The U.S. has not quite grasped an axiom that European statesmen had long ago mastered: peace is not a universal realization of one nation's desires, but a general acceptance of a concept of an 'international order.'"

The examples given by Kissinger of Metternich, Castlereagh and Bismarck do not prove the excellence of their mastery of an imaginary "axiom." Nor does the mention of the Congress of Vienna, in which England did not really participate directly and which was mostly a declaration of Christian faith and defense of the monarchies and their protection. It was imposed by Emperor Alexander of Russia. As for Bismarck, he structured and strengthened his country and by imperialistic military victories imposed his will over Europe.

Our American statesmen since 1776 have built a great nation, have preserved it, have decided two immense victories in wars caused by European statesmen's errors or appalling deficiencies. The U.S. conceived the League of Nations and the U.N., and preserved the very existence of the most important European nations, both in World Wars I and II and after.

Let's cut the mental subservience to imaginary European geniuses.

MARIO CAMARGO

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir: Henry Kissinger's influence on U.S. foreign policy began years ago, shortly after the publication of his first book, *Nuclear Arms and Foreign Policy*.

In 1956-57, the U.S. Army reorganized itself along lines conforming to units

equipped with tactical nuclear weapons. Kissinger was the guiding force, and his influence emanated from his theory that wars could be limited by a tacit understanding with an enemy that we would not escalate into strategic nuclear attack if they would not. The only problem was to establish that tacit knowledge firmly in the enemy's mind. Those of us involved in the service at that time felt that public discussions of this limited policy by the armed forces would tend to establish the knowledge. It seems to have worked.

The media, in this instance, were undoubtedly the message.

DOUGLAS L. BENDELL

Wichita, Kans.

Man and His Pets

Sir: Your review of Kathleen Szasz's book pertaining to spoiled pets [Feb. 14] shows only a one-sided, abnormal view.

As volunteer workers for animals, we certainly see the true situation. With 40 million surplus, unplaceable cats and dogs that pet owners permit to be born each year, the suffering we see would fill several books.

The fortunate homeless animals are put to sleep. Millions are abandoned in town dumps and on lonely roads by people who actually believe that a domesticated animal can fend for itself. They freeze or slowly starve; many are hit by cars and left to die. There are no expensive tomstones for these animals.

Author Szasz should come with us and see how a great number of animals actually live. Puppies and kittens are given as toys to young children, with no teaching of basic handling of small animals, let alone kindness. When the novelty of playing with the animal has worn off, and severe injury to the animal has resulted, it is usually time to get rid of it.

Mrs. Szasz's statement, "Man should love his fellow men first, then animals," is one reason our country is where it is today, warring. It is this self-centered attitude that has brought us there.

St. Francis of Assisi said: "If you have men who will exclude any of God's creatures from the shelter of compassion and pity, you will have men who will deal likewise with their fellow man."

(MRS.) JACQUELINE BAULMIN
YONÉ U. STAFFORD

Friends of Animals Inc.
and Animals' Crusaders
West Chatham, Mass.

A Real Sleeper

Sir: About getting up in the morning: every sleep psychologist's theory [Feb. 14] seems to fit me, contradictory though they are. If I am out of the house by 7 a.m., I am astonished by the number of people similarly off schedule. When the alarm goes off, I am awake, hot or cold. I usually hear the click. If the alarm should not go off, I can rely on my internal alarm. I am introverted but don't really function until afternoon. I once slept for 27 hours because I wanted to and went without sleep for 64 hours for the same reason. I wake up happily enough, though my sleeping habits are outrageous. Now if I could just quickly get to sleep in the first place! Alas, the cars go by, the refridge sighs, and the carpets seem to bang their threads together. Do I get any points for lying perfectly still?

DON E. MANNING

Chicago

Sir: O.K. But why do the "some 20% of Americans who enjoy accurate internal

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Leon Walker supervises operations for a lumber company in Taylor, Louisiana.



"I just got married. I need cash now—not life insurance!"



Leon Walker talks things over with MONY man William Johnson, CLU.

"But a MONY man showed me the risk in waiting and how to get good coverage without strapping myself."

"Put yourself in my spot," I told MONY man William Johnson. "I'm in a brand new job, and I'm saddled with all the expenses of a newlywed. I can't swing life insurance now. Maybe later."

"But William proved that waiting was one risk I couldn't afford to take. And he came up with a MONY policy that not only protected

my wife Pat, but built cash, too. Truthfully, it wasn't always easy to meet the premiums, but it didn't break me either.

"I liked how William works. No high pressure. Just plenty of facts that make sense. So I've bought more coverage from him and recommended him and MONY to several of my friends.

"Now that we have two children, I'm especially grateful to him, knowing they'll be taken care of if anything happens to me, or

we can use the cash for future needs—like education and retirement."

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alarm clocks that wake them automatically" all have to be under seven years of age?

(MRS.) SHIRLEY K. COX
Richmond, Calif.

Earlier Stage

Sir: In your illuminating review of Harrison Salisbury's *The 900 Days* [Feb. 14], you describe the long, terrible siege of Leningrad, mentioning the famine and even cases of cannibalism. Many of your readers may not be aware that, for the people of Leningrad, this mass starvation was a repeat performance.

Exactly 20 years earlier, Leningrad (then Petrograd) was, like much of the U.S.S.R., stricken with famine. Perhaps even worse, epidemics of typhoid, smallpox and other diseases were sweeping the country. But in August, 1921, Herbert Hoover's A.R.A. (American Relief Administration) arrived in the Soviet Union and for 23 months carried on a mission of mercy to Leningrad and other Russian cities.

When our mission was completed, the entire A.R.A. staff was given a banquet in the Kremlin at which we were told that we had saved 20 million lives. Is it unreasonable to believe that many of those who defended Leningrad in 1941 were able to do so because, in 1921-23, they were saved from famine and pestilence by the Americans?

HENRY C. WOLFE

Manhattan

Down, Boy

Sir: Hugh Hefner remarked: "Whatever I am is unique" [Feb. 14]. Mr. Hefner may very well be unique, but so are certain rare diseases. He then stated that he was sure he "will be remembered as one significant part of our time." Whether or not he will be, I cannot predict. I can see no reason why he should be. People were enjoying sex and seeking pleasure long before Hefner made his appearance. Hedonism is one of the oldest and most common of all philosophies. In every age it has appealed primarily to men of the lowest character and intellect, and one of its most celebrated practitioners was a man named Nero.

As for the revolution in our attitude toward sex, Mr. Hefner had, alas, very little to do with it. It was inspired chiefly by Freud, D. H. Lawrence and Havelock Ellis. They made sex respectable, and Hefner made it profitable. If a man deserves to be remembered by posterity for that, then there is something fundamentally wrong somewhere.

CHARLES B. EDELMAN

Los Angeles

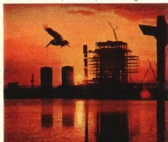
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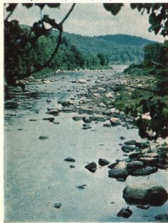
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

WASHINGTON Bureau Chief

Hugh Sides is an old hand at traveling abroad with Presidents. Richard Nixon's two predecessors kept him constantly on the move. With Lyndon Johnson, he went to Seoul and to Viet Nam; he covered Johnson's two-week tour of Asia in 1966 and the famous 44-day dash around the world in 1967. Sides was with Kennedy and Khrushchev in Vienna; he stood below as Kennedy shouted "Ich bin ein Berliner" in the shadow of the Berlin Wall. And he went along on the young President's visit to the old family sod in Ireland.

Kennedy's trips, says Sides, "were boisterous affairs, full of disorganization and laughter and youth and hope. There was elegance and eloquence. Johnson liked spectacles. He was a man in seven-league boots employing his power as President of the United States to stride across the world and preach: 'Come, let us reason together.'" As for this week's flight with Richard Nixon, Sides reports that preparations have been like the campaign: "cool, meticulous, competent. The trip has been plotted with care and it is expected to unwind with precision."

TIME's coverage of Nixon's first trip as President had to be plotted with equal care. Senior Correspondent John Steele traveled the presidential route as a journalistic advance man, reporting on the mood of the various capitals that Nixon will visit. Across Europe, TIME bureau chiefs scheduled interviews with diplomats, financial experts and military men to bolster their own observations and put together thorough reports on the problems that the new U.S. President is likely to face. From Washington to Rome, TIME correspondents cabled files for use by the



NIXON & SIDES DURING 1960 CAMPAIGN

New York-based cover-story contingent: Writer Keith Johnson, Senior Editor Michael Demarest and Researcher Harriet Heck.

TIME's Letters to the Editor columns generally contain a sampling of comment from the nation's college campuses. Students write in to praise stories, to criticize them, to offer some observation of their own. Every spring, however, the college mail increases markedly as TIME's popularity on the campus is reflected by the growing number of students who want to become campus representatives for the next school year. The job offers a chance to earn money and experience selling TIME Inc. publications at special student rates, and it often means extra work assisting in marketing surveys for our advertisers. Students who want to become campus representatives should write for application forms to the TIME College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y., 10020.

The Cover: Pencil and tempera by Boris Chaliapin.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 28, 1969

Vol. 93, No. 9

THE NATION

A VOYAGE OF REDISCOVERY AND RECONCILIATION

AS just about everyone knows by now, Richard Nixon has a passion for order and neatness. His trip to five European capitals this week, his first presidential journey abroad and the first European trip by an American President since 1963, is the very model of thoughtful planning and meticulous execution. Unfortunately, events—and the men who control them—do not always lend themselves to order and neatness. By their very nature, problems have a

four-power European economic directorate that would replace the Common Market. His reported price: that Britain withdraw from NATO, as France in effect has already done. London and Paris started a shouting match over whether or not De Gaulle had actually made such a proposal—and the curious case caused a new outbreak of Anglo-French hostility (see box following page). True or false—or, more likely, a bit of each—the affair was bound to embarrass the President by highlighting the rifts that still rend Europe.

Then there was Berlin, where East Germany's Walter Ulbricht was once again applying the squeeze. Though it was unlikely that the Russians would ruin their chance for a new Soviet-American understanding by allowing Berlin to reach crisis proportions during Nixon's visit, the very fact that the divided city was again an issue was a sobering reminder that Russia and the U.S. still have to remove major roadblocks to any overall understanding. Similarly, the threatened maneuvers of Russian troops in East Germany and Ulbricht's interference with traffic to and from Berlin recalled the Communist might and will that only a few months ago subdued Czechoslovakia.

A Contrast to Predecessors

Still, neither De Gaulle nor Ulbricht could dim the clear purpose of the President's journey to Europe. That purpose, he said before his departure, was "the strengthening and revitalizing of the American-European community." The Viet Nam war had preoccupied the U.S. with Asia, almost to the exclusion of its historic concern with Europe. By undertaking a voyage of reconciliation so early in his presidency, Nixon seemed to many Europeans to be making a dramatic political gesture. In Europe, where the masses regard Nixon as even more of an enigma than U.S. Presidents are usually held to be, he is considered among leaders as a pragmatist with whom they can talk no-holds-barred business.

In form and background, Nixon's journey will be in sharp contrast to other postwar European visits by U.S. Presidents. Harry Truman went to Potsdam in 1945, deeply concerned about rebuilding a continent shattered by six years of war. In five trips, Dwight Ei-

senhower was greeted everywhere with heartfelt gratitude as the liberator of Western Europe from fascism. John Kennedy and his beautiful, elegant wife toured like movie stars in ceremonial splendor. Lyndon Johnson visited Europe only twice as President. He went to Bonn in 1967 for the funeral of Konrad Adenauer, and—almost as an afterthought as he flew back to Washington later that year from Southeast Asia—descended on Rome to plead for Pope



NIXON AT BERLIN WALL IN 1963
Object of intense curiosity . . .

way of cropping up at the most inappropriate times. Even before the President left on his eight-day journey, it was obvious that the U.S. had a lot of work to do if it was to successfully defend and preserve its stakes in Europe.

Charles de Gaulle, ever the scene stealer, presented the President with a problem on the very eve of his departure. Word out of London had it that De Gaulle, who has steadfastly opposed British entry into the Common Market, had proposed that Britain join France, West Germany and Italy in a



ANTI-NIXON POSTER IN BRUSSELS
. . . and some wariness.

Paul's understanding of the U.S. cause in Viet Nam.

To prepare for his trip, which will take him to Brussels, London, Bonn, Berlin, Rome and Paris, President Nixon spent much of the past fortnight immersed in briefings and discussions of each of the countries he will visit, asking pointed questions of State Department experts. In style, his travels will differ greatly from Lyndon Johnson's. He is leaving his bubble-top limousine at home (he will use Charles de Gaulle's 22-ft.-long Citroën in Paris). There are

no standing orders at each stop for a rub-down table, a shaving mirror at a precise height lit by a 150-watt bulb, an extra-length bed or stocks of Dr. Pepper. There will be no grand galas or public spectacles; most of Nixon's time will be spent behind closed doors, more in the manner of a business executive than a head of state.

While the President is prepared to review shared difficulties with Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, Premier Mariano Rumor and President Charles de Gaulle, he goes not to bargain but to explore. There is a lengthy agenda of mutual problems to discuss. The invasion of Czechoslovakia has deferred hopes of détente with the Soviet Union and raised serious questions about the efficacy and future role of NATO—which will be 20 years old in April. There is no visible end to the West's recurring monetary cri-

ses, which have challenged now the dollar, now the pound, now the franc. Ratification of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty has proceeded slowly, partly as a consequence of European resentment that the U.S. did not thoroughly consult its allies before agreeing on the text with the Soviet Union. Protectionist sentiment is mounting on both sides of the Atlantic, and there is the possibility of a "Nixon round" of negotiations on non-tariff barriers to international trade.

The Importance of Confidence

The talks will also range outside Europe to cover new initiatives in aid to underdeveloped countries and touch on the problems of Latin America, Africa and Asia. Arab-Israeli skirmishes threaten once again to erupt into full-scale war. Moscow's foreign policy is increasingly obscurantist, and the President is

anxious to sound out European sentiment before making any overtures toward summitry with the Soviets. Nixon is eager to have a summit meeting, but he wants to meet the Russians not simply as the head of a superpower but as the leader of a newly vigorous alliance.

The war drags on in Viet Nam, though the continuing peace talks in Paris, however sterile to date, have muted some of the strident anti-Americanism that gripped Europe during the Johnson years. Racial strife and political assassinations in the U.S. have diminished America's image in European eyes. U.S. technological superiority and widespread domination of Europe's industry have stirred understandable resentment. Also, France is no longer alone in doubting that the U.S. would be willing to subject itself to Russian nuclear retaliation by launching ICBMs in response to a Soviet attack on Western

Once More, De Gaulle v. Britain

WHILE President Nixon was still preparing for his good-will working tour of Western Europe, the long-simmering feud between Great Britain and Charles de Gaulle's France burst into the open once again. As before, the *casus belli* was Britain's bid for membership in the Common Market, which De Gaulle has repeatedly vetoed. Washington was dismayed, since the dispute would hardly enhance the atmosphere of mutual understanding and cooperation that Nixon ardently hoped to cultivate.

The current Anglo-French crisis first boiled over two weeks ago, when France brusquely refused to participate in a London meeting of the Western European Union called to discuss approaches to a settlement of the Middle East crisis. The WEU, an international organization consisting of Britain and the six Common Market countries, was established in 1955, and laid out the ground rules for West German rearmament, notably a ban on development of nuclear weapons by Bonn. Since then, it has met intermittently to talk over defense questions and other problems of shared interest.

Because of De Gaulle's steadfast refusal to consider full Common Market membership for the U.K., Britain has clung desperately to the WEU as its only regular forum for multilateral conversations with the Six. When France refused to attend this month's WEU meeting, Paris claimed that what Britain wanted to discuss was the Common Market, a subject technically off-limits to the WEU. Foreign Minister Michel Debré once more raised De Gaulle's favorite specter of Anglo-Saxon conspiracy. Debré declared haughtily: "France considers that the British, who are always inclined to align themselves behind American positions, are not yet ready to join the European community, whose vocation is independence."

Only last week did it become clear what was really angering the French. Stories appeared in the generally pro-Gaullist *Le Figaro* and *France-Soir* hinting that the French had offered Britain a new chance to demonstrate a firm commitment to Europe, only to have their overture rejected. Furiously, Whitehall put its side of the story on record. At a luncheon in Paris on Feb. 4 with Britain's Ambassador to France, Christopher Soames, an avid pro-European who is Winston Churchill's son-in-law, De Gaulle—according to the British account—proposed that the two countries should have a summit meeting to talk over replacing the Common Market with a larger economic association run by a four-power inner di-

rectorate of Britain, France, West Germany and Italy. This grouping would also form the nucleus of an all-European defense system to replace U.S.-dominated NATO. After consulting his government, Soames replied that Britain found the suggestions "significant" and "far-reaching"—but refused to accept De Gaulle's view of NATO, and insisted on pursuing its aim of entering the Common Market as it is now constituted.

Once Britain made known its version, France was quick to deny it. All De Gaulle had done, according to the Quai d'Orsay, was to repeat his conviction of many years that British entry into the Common Market would inevitably alter the European community. Debré took to the radio once more. "What did the general say to the British ambassador?" he asked. "He said that reflection and lengthy study were necessary on the subject of the economic organization of a Europe in which Great Britain would participate." A government statement insisted: "The idea of a directorate of four imposing its will on the small countries of Europe is so manifestly contrary to all that the French government has always expressed on the necessary independence of each people that it does not even merit a denial."

What, in fact, had De Gaulle been up to? One cogent theory had it that—with Nixon's visit impending—he wanted to underscore his argument that the British are reluctant to sacrifice American ties in order to join Europe. By so doing, he hoped to dissuade Germany and Italy from taking Britain's part too vigorously in conversations with the U.S. President. But the play may have backfired. By publicizing their version, the British now appear to be both good Europeans, solicitous of the interests of the other five Common Market nations, and good Atlanticists, refusing to countenance the dissolution of NATO.

Speaking to a Labor Party meeting at week's end, Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart voiced an eloquent lament. "It is tragic," he said, "that Britain and France, two great nations who have done so much and who can do so much for Europe and for the world, should be at variance. We ought to be working together to build up the splendid structure of Europe as part of the human alliance for freedom. But where there are serious differences, it is necessary to state plainly what they are." If nothing else, the latest brouhaha between Britain and France was a timely reminder to the U.S. of the difficulties of European cooperation.

Europe, Says Britain's Defense Minister Denis Healey: "It is most important for the President to maintain European confidence in the American commitment to defend Europe. If confidence in the U.S. guarantee is maintained, Europe will be much more enthusiastic over U.S. talks with the Russians."

TIME Senior Correspondent John L. Steele completed last week an exploratory trip that traced the President's itinerary in advance. The Western Europe that Nixon will find, Steele reports, "is economically prosperous, politically divided, and both intensely curious and a little wary about the new President of the U.S." He adds: "The visit is welcomed, because it is seen hopefully as a sign of renewed attention to the Western alliance after years of enforced concentration on Viet Nam. One finds keen satisfaction that Nixon chooses to come here early in his White House tenure, before his policies toward Europe and the world have fully jelled."

Economically, Western Europe is booming as never before. Even Britain, beleaguered by chronic trade deficits, seems on the verge of turning a balance of payments surplus this year for the first time since 1962. Yet Europe's political leaders stumble from crisis to crisis. Prime Minister Wilson is widely distrusted in Britain, where even the trade-union movement, his onetime power base, has been alienated by the Labor government's efforts to hold the line on wage increases. In France, De Gaulle's façade of infallibility was battered by the riots and strikes of last May and the ensuing threats to the franc. Chancellor Kiesinger finds himself assailed by a student New Left and a nationalist right equally impatient with West German dependence on Washington. Italy's Premier Rumor has just formed a new government that may be the last gasp of Italian middle-of-the-road politics. All this has led to "the end of optimism," in the words of a London-based senior U.S. diplomat. Despite widespread pessimism, however, Western Europe since 1945 has obviously transcended the primitive destructive passions that regularly tore it apart for centuries.

Belgium: Missiles and Margarine

Brussels, the President's first stop, is the capital of a tiny nation divided by ethnic schism. Yet, as the headquarters of both NATO and the Common Market, it is also the capital of European co-operation. It is, as well, the European base for a growing U.S. industrial complex. The main route into the city from Zaventem airport passes through what is known locally as "Little Texas"—an unmistakably American creation that includes a new Esso research center as well as plants built by IBM and Honeywell. Nixon will enter the city with King Baudouin. On the President's first-night Brussels schedule were conferences at the Palais Royale de Bruxelles with Belgian Premier Gaston Eyskens

OLIPHANT—BENNETT 2012



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF DE GAULLE WELCOMING NIXON

and Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel.

Next morning, he was to visit NATO's prefabricated new headquarters. There he planned a brief speech to the ambassadors from the 15 NATO member nations. Afterward, he was to hold private conferences on the state of the alliance with NATO Secretary-General Manlio Brosio and various NATO ambassadors. Before the invasion of Czechoslovakia, some NATO experts regarded the original *raison d'être* of the alliance as outmoded and hoped to transform it from a military deterrent into a means of relaxing East-West political tensions. Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger, who is accompanying Nixon, has never believed that NATO is a fit instrument for *détente* and deterrence alike. "If we try to get both simultaneously, we shall get neither," he argues. The Czechoslovak scare forced

NATO's European members to abandon plans for lowering their troop commitments, and in fact, since August, they have worked to upgrade equipment, improve reserves and increase mobilization capability.

The Europeans are fearful that the U.S. plans to make further cuts in its 210,000-man troop level in West Germany; they consider airlifts from the U.S. no substitute for forces permanently based on European soil. No one pretends, however, that ground forces are anything but a first line of defense for Western Europe—especially now that the Soviets have more troops in Eastern Europe, and closer to the West's defense perimeter, than at any time since 1945. The Czechoslovak experience cast grave doubt on the once-fashionable doctrine of graduated response. Behind the troops must be the U.S. AP



CARS HELD UP ON BERLIN'S AUTOBAHN
The happiest hosts were those facing Soviet armor.



QUAI D'ORSAY IN PARIS
Likelihood of mutual respect.

clear-missile deterrent, and the European allies want reassurance that it will be used if needed.

After the NATO meetings, Nixon was to confer with Common Market Commission President Jean Rey, a doughty Belgian Eurocrat who once observed: "Building Europe is like building a Gothic cathedral. The first generation knows that they will never see the work completed, but they go on working." Among the topics up for discussion: U.S. problems with inflation and balance-of-payments deficits, the possibilities for a "Nixon round," and speedy implementation of special drawing rights within the International Monetary Fund—"paper gold"—to ease perennial pressures on gold and on the two international reserve currencies, the dollar and the pound sterling. One current source of U.S. irritation is a proposed Common Market tax of \$60 a ton on imported vegetable-oil products, from which the U.S. earns \$450 million a year.

London: Crocuses and Gold

In London, where the winter grass is green and a few crocuses are already in bloom, Nixon arrives at the sprawling jungle of Heathrow airport in the early evening, there to be met by Wilson, Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart and Lord Cobbold, representing Queen Elizabeth. Prime Minister and President were to be whisked off by helicopter to Chequers, the 14th-century country residence of British Prime Ministers, for a "working dinner" with Kissinger, Secretary of State William Rogers and four or five key members of Wilson's Cabinet. That night, Nixon is to chopper back to London for an overnight stay at Claridge's Hotel. He is not staying at the U.S. Ambassador's residence because of the problem of keeping 472-acre Regent's Park secure. (The Secret Service, FBI and CIA are all looking

out for the President's safety—and each other: Secret Service agents derisively call the FBI men "Feebies.")

The morning schedule calls for meetings at the hotel with Tory Leader Edward Heath and selected members of the Opposition, then a private conference with Wilson, this time at No. 10 Downing Street. Queen Elizabeth will receive the President at Buckingham Palace for a luncheon of about a dozen, including Prince Philip, Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Later, the President returns to Claridge's for an innovation that he planned to pursue also in Bonn, Rome and Paris: a meeting with a small group of hand-picked businessmen, union leaders and intellectuals for candid talk about the U.S. and the host country. Then there is a reception for Jeremy Thorpe, leader of Britain's third-party Liberals.

The ten hours of conversation with Wilson spread over two days will concentrate on defense and monetary problems. The sagging pound, devalued late in 1967, has forced Britain to abandon its once-grand military presence beyond the Continent, and concern itself solely with the defense of Western Europe. Defense Minister Healey favors not only a new pledge of U.S. nuclear support for Europe, but also what he calls "a European identity in defense." In Munich earlier this month, he said: "Nothing would do more to encourage the United States to maintain its necessary commitment than the sight of the European countries working effectively together in the alliance." Healey is also eager for the U.S. to start discussions with the U.S.S.R. aimed at eliminating costly anti-ballistic missile defense systems (see story on pg. 23), on the theory that the billions the U.S. could save by not building ABMs could be used in part to buttress NATO.

To British Treasury officials, collective monetary security is now almost as important as collective military security. The British want to maintain a stable and united front with the U.S., keeping the price of gold at its present official rate of \$35 an ounce in the face of increasing pressure; the unofficial price reached a 20-year high of \$46.33 last week in Paris. They note privately that a "slightly right" U.S. Government can afford to be more daring in monetary affairs. In defense and financial matters, the erstwhile "special relationship" between Britain and America now means only special problems.

Bonn: Talks on the Rhine

When he reaches Bonn, Nixon will be whisked by helicopter with Kissinger and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt to the Chancellor's modern bungalow hard by the Rhine River. There he will hold two conferences with the West Germans, with a break for lunch at the Villa Hammer Schmidt residence of Federal Republic President Heinrich Lübke. After the second set of talks, he was to sit down with the group of private citizens

he has asked to meet, and then go to the Chancellery for a black-tie dinner.

Of all Nixon's hosts, Bonn's leaders are the happiest to see him. As the only NATO member facing Soviet armor directly across its border, West Germany was the first and most anguished victim of the massive U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. Kissinger will emphasize the need for the reactivation of American interest in Europe, and his concern that U.S. agreements with the Soviet Union proceed only from close and careful consultation with European allies.

The most sensitive case in point is the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which Bonn believes was thrust upon it without proper consultation. West Germany has yet to sign the NPT, though it doubtless will eventually. However, the pact's proviso that Bonn must renounce nuclear weaponry for the 25-year life of the treaty has been roundly denounced by Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, powerful head of the Bavarian affiliate of Kissinger's own party, as "a Versailles of cosmic proportions." If the Germans are not permitted to build their own bomb, they want to be confident that the U.S. will continue to protect them.

A chronic vexation to the U.S. and West Germany is the question of payments made by Bonn to Washington to offset the cost of maintaining hundreds of thousands of U.S. troops in West Germany. After 24 years, the U.S. military presence is a constant irritant to West Germans, but it is also politically vital to West German survival. The question should not take much of Nixon's time while he is in Bonn. As a propitiatory gesture a week before Nixon's arrival, Kissinger's Cabinet approved a two-year offset proposal which would cover 80%



G.I.'s IN GERMANY
Grave doubts about



BORSIO



WILSON



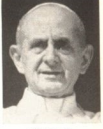
KIESINGER



RUMOR



DE GAULLE



POPE PAUL

No grand galas or public spectacles—just attention to business and most of it behind closed doors.

of the estimated \$900 million annual foreign-exchange cost to the U.S. of keeping its forces on German soil.

Of more immediate concern to Bonn is the new squeeze on Berlin. As they have done three times in the past, the West Germans plan to hold the election of a new Federal President in West Berlin's Congress Hall. Even before it was announced that Nixon would visit Berlin a week before the March 5 election, East Germany proclaimed that the West German electors—members of the Federal Parliament and of the regional legislatures—would be forbidden to travel by land across East Germany. Last week the Communists closed a checkpoint on the autobahn from West Berlin to Munich and Hanover for two hours; they warned that it would be closed again on five separate days before the federal election, giving the specious excuse that minor blasting operations would endanger passing motorists. They also announced that joint Soviet-East German military maneuvers will take place near access routes to West Berlin early in March.

While Party Leader Ulbricht huddled last week with Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Do-

brynin spent an hour with President Nixon at the White House and assured him that the U.S.S.R. would not interfere with Nixon's Berlin visit. (He made no such promises, however, about the West German election.) Nixon's stop in Berlin will be brief, less than three hours. It was deliberately designed to avoid comparison with the wildly cheered 1963 visit of John Kennedy, which reached a climax with his bravura "Ich bin ein Berliner!" speech of solidarity from the city hall steps. Nonetheless, it only because of renewed Communist pressure on the city, it is likely to be the only showy segment of Nixon's European swing.

Air Force One has already made dry-run landings at Tempelhof Airport, which normally handles nothing larger than tri-jet 727s. After the President departs there, his schedule calls for reviewing troops on the tarmac and laying a wreath at the marker outside Tempelhof that commemorates the 1948 Berlin airlift. His motorcade will then move on to the border crossing point at Heinrich-Heine-Strasse, a checkpoint used by West Germans traveling to East Berlin. There Nixon will mount a wooden platform for the ritual look at the Wall, a stop that will last barely ten minutes.

Later, at Charlottenburg Castle, the President was to sign the city's Golden Book for VIP visitors and hold brief talks with Mayor Klaus Schütz and other West Berlin officials. Members of the leftist Socialist German Students Association announced an anti-U.S. demonstration; West Berlin police then banned all street rallies, which increased the chances of a student-police clash. Next comes Nixon's only major public speech of the eight-day trip, an address to 6,000 workers and executives at the Siemens electrical factory. Early in the afternoon, he was to leave for Rome—this time from the big Tegel Airport in the French occupation sector.

Rome and the Vatican

After the residual cold-war stresses of Berlin, Rome will be a respite. Nixon will stay in the residence of President Giuseppe Saragat, the 16th-century Palazzo del Quirinale, one of the handsomest buildings in all Europe. The state visitors' apartments were redecorated four years ago for Charles de Gaulle. The eleven-room Imperial Suite,

where Nixon will be housed, is reached from the 200-yard Corridor of the Long Sleeve. The view of Rome from the palace is unsurpassed.

Nixon will meet Premier Rumor against a shifting political background. Rumor's new center-left government is not yet in firm command, and leftist strength is on the rise. Nonetheless, Italy remains a staunch U.S. ally. Responding to the Soviet naval buildup in the Mediterranean, it has beefed up its fleet and marine air force; the country is solidly behind Britain's bid for Common Market membership, and generally anti-De Gaulle on other European policy questions. Italy has given full support to the dollar, and was one of the leaders in advancing the two-tier pricing system for gold that staved off an international monetary crisis just a year ago. For economic reasons, however, Italy has taken up internationally a new *apertura a sinistra*—opening to the left. Fiat is helping the Russians build an \$800 million automobile plant on the Volga River in Togliattigrad, named for the late Italian Communist leader, and Italian businessmen are pressing for establishment of diplomatic relations with Communist China as an entering wedge to that potentially vast market.

Because Pope Paul will be making his Lenten retreat at that time, Nixon will not see him on his first trip to Rome. Instead, he is scheduled to return to Rome from Paris to visit the Pope just before heading back to the U.S. early next week. Nixon will go by helicopter to the College of the Propagation of the Faith on Janiculum Hill, thence by car to the great colonnaded plaza in front of St. Peter's, past troops of bright-uniformed Swiss Guards, Vatican police and the papal Palatine Guard. Once inside the Apostolic Palace, he goes by elevator to the third floor and through ten rooms before reaching the papal library. There the party pauses while the Prelate of the Antechamber enters to announce the President's arrival. Nothing of great moment is likely to come up during the audience, or during Nixon's later meeting with the Vatican Secretary of State, Amleto Cardinal Cicognani; there is some feeling within the Vatican that the time is right for re-establishing formal diplomatic relations with the U.S., but it will be up to the Americans to suggest it. The U.S. had a *chargé d'aff-*



AFTER TRANSATLANTIC AIRLIFT
the once-fashionable doctrine.

fares or minister at the Holy See from 1848 to 1868, but Protestants in the U.S. Congress voted to end the mission when they mistakenly heard that the American Church in Rome had been forced to move outside the city walls. Myron Taylor was Franklin Roosevelt's personal representative, though not an ambassador, to the Vatican from 1940 until 1950.

France: The Toughest Challenge

Charles de Gaulle has not been an admirer of U.S. Presidents. According to Author Pierre Galante, he called Franklin Roosevelt "a false witness," Harry Truman "a merchant." Of Dwight Eisenhower, he said: "I am told that on the golf links he is better at putting than he is with the long shots. This does not surprise me." To De Gaulle,

Gaulle's cultivation of the East bloc. His aura of omniscience was rent by the uprisings of last May; the hard-pressed franc faces another battering from new social-welfare expenditures and an upcoming round of wage demands.

Two major sources of Franco-American friction have been somewhat smoothed. The Paris peace talks have ended the general's diatribes on Viet Nam. Also, Nixon's acceptance of the French initiative for four-power talks on the Middle East shows mutual interest in a more balanced approach on both sides. The U.S. has considered France too pro-Arab, and the French find the U.S. too pro-Israel. No major breakthroughs are possible in Nixon's talks with De Gaulle, and he expects none. On the question of Britain's admission to the Common Market, Nixon

gent. Parisians will be treated to the rare sight of the U.S. flag flying over the Foreign Ministry instead of the customary *tricolore*. The austere Quai d'Orsay palace, on the Left Bank between the National Assembly and the Invalides, will be turned over to the Nixon party during his stay. The palace walls are decked with priceless Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries, the floors with Savonnerie carpets. The cellars are stocked with champagne, which no doubt will be poured when De Gaulle escorts Nixon to the Quai d'Orsay for their first conversations at the Elysée Palace.

President and Mme. de Gaulle will be Nixon's hosts at an Elysée dinner Friday night, and the discussions continue Saturday at Versailles' recently refurbished Grand Trianon. Nixon will return the hospitality by giving a dinner at the U.S. Embassy hard by the Place de la Concorde Saturday night; ironically, his hostess will be Eunice Kennedy Shriver, wife of the U.S. ambassador. Sunday, before he leaves for Washington via the Vatican, Nixon will confer with Henry Cabot Lodge and his Viet Nam negotiating team.

Europe's Business

The dream of a new harmony in Europe has faded unborn. "Three grand visions of the future have at various times captured the political imaginations of various of our leading men," Harvard Professor Francis Bator wrote late last year in the Brookings Institution's *Agenda for the Nation*: "Jean Monnet's united Western Europe; the Atlantic Community, and, least congenial to most, some scheme of U.S.-Soviet disengagement in Europe which would allow the unification of Germany. It is now clear that none of these three visions is about to be fulfilled."

Bator goes on to ask: "Is there some other vision which will do? I believe not. The truth is, there does not exist today a design which will resolve the underlying problems and hence command the allegiance of a large majority of Western Europeans." In this formless Continent of independent nation-states, Nixon's advice to Americans seems apt. "The shape of Europe's future is essentially the business of the Europeans," the President has said. "What we need is not more proclamations and declarations, but a greater attention to what our allies think."

In return, many Europeans believe that the U.S. can offer Europe much beyond the shield of monetary stability and military security. As Belgian Businessman Alec Le Vernoy observed: "There is a real chance for Nixon to help us start working together in Europe—not only in policy matters, but in our economic life, our technology, in science and business. There is much for us to do together. Maybe he can help us toward agreement on common purposes, and then we can move forward toward meeting them." Undramatic as that may be, it is the aim of Nixon's first, but not last, trip to Europe.



AT WORK IN WHITE HOUSE BEFORE DEPARTURE
Much to offer beyond the shield of stability and security.

John Kennedy "had the style of a hairdresser's assistant—he combed his way through problems." Lyndon Johnson was like "a truck driver or a stevedore—or a legionnaire." Nixon and the general should strike it off fairly well. Both are direct, practical men, and De Gaulle showed characteristic prescience in granting Nixon a 40-minute interview in June 1967—at a time when De Gaulle would not have welcomed L.B.J. into the Foreign Legion. De Gaulle respects a tough adversary, and Nixon has been advised to be polite but firm.

There has been some thawing in relations between France and the U.S., though it has not affected the fundamental differences over NATO, European unity, monetary policy, and relations with the Soviet Union. These will doubtless endure even after De Gaulle has faded from the scene. De Gaulle still speaks of his "omnidirectional" nuclear *force de frappe*, but he no longer strides Europe like a Gallic Cyclops. Soviet adventurism has set back De

Gaulle could not budge De Gaulle, even if he were to try.

Despite the vicissitudes of the franc, De Gaulle insists that gold should ultimately be the sole international monetary standard, and that its official price must be increased, thereby devaluing the dollar. The threat of a fresh monetary crisis will dominate the Nixon-De Gaulle conversations. France's President hopes either to avoid that crisis altogether, or, if it comes, to make sure that it is not blamed on him alone. To that end, he wants joint efforts by the U.S., Britain and France to contain inflation and improve their balance of payments positions. Otherwise, he might have to devalue the franc by 20% or more—which would set off a shock wave of devaluations and imperil both the dollar and the pound.

While any progress Nixon makes with De Gaulle seems more likely to be in atmospheres than in substance, the formal welcome of the new U.S. President to Paris will be gracious and el-

THE ABM, THROUGH THICK AND THIN

BARELY three years ago Congress attempted to force Robert McNamara's Defense Department to go beyond the research and development stage of the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) by voting \$168 million for initial hardware. The skeptical McNamara, backed by the White House, refused to spend the extra funds. The very next year, in the face of domestic political pressure and continued weaponry development by the Chinese and Russians, the Johnson Administration reluctantly reversed itself. Now the Pentagon under Defense Secretary Melvin Laird seems eager to press ahead at full speed with an ABM system called the Sentinel—despite hesitance elsewhere in the Administration and increasingly stubborn opposition to ABM in Congress.

In the first five weeks of the Nixon Administration, the costly complex of defensive missiles and radars has become the nexus of several great issues: the allocation of resources between domestic and military programs, overall nuclear strategy and the possibility of arms-limitation negotiations with the Russians. The 91st Congress is more conservative than the 89th—on paper at least—and therefore could be expected to be more sympathetic to requests from the military. Changing public attitudes and political considerations over the past three years, however, have stiffened resistance on Capitol Hill. Many Congressmen are concerned that any hold-down on Government spending should not be at the expense of social-welfare efforts. There is apprehension about being drawn into a project of questionable military value that may end up costing ten times the initial estimates, or even more. The fact that the Pentagon organized a promotion program to create pro-Sentinel sentiment raises the old fears of the military-industrial complex that Dwight Eisenhower once warned against. With the Russians now pressing for arms-control talks, the hope exists that a possible agreement would make ABM unnecessary. Finally, there is widespread opposition by voters from areas that do not want nuclear-stocked Sentinel sites close by.

Not an End in Itself. The Administration has given the opponents of Sentinel ammunition by shifting its justification for immediate deployment of the weapon. Originally, Sentinel was billed by the Johnson Administration as a "thin" shield against a possible attack by the relatively small and primitive missile force that the Chinese are expected to have in five years or so. Then the argument was introduced that the ABM might protect the nation against an accidental missile firing from anywhere abroad. As the Soviets continue to increase their offensive missile force, the thin Sentinel began to appear not as an end in itself, but only as the first step toward a "thick" defense against Soviet attack. Its ultimate cost was es-

timated to be \$50 billion—and many in Washington feel that it would far exceed that. Now Laird is arguing that, if nothing else, the Sentinel would serve as a bargaining point with the Russians should negotiations take place. Russia, after all, has actually begun to install its "Galosh" ABM network around Moscow. Last year the Soviets slowed construction of their defense network, perhaps because of technical problems or possibly to improve on the model they originally planned.

In an appearance last week before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Laird put great stress on the competitive aspect of the question. The Russians, he said, are spending three times more than the U.S. on missile defenses

and offensive missile sites. This plan comes under the heading of "assured destruction"—the fundamental U.S. nuclear strategy until now. It assumes that the best way to prevent an enemy attack is to convince the other side that under any circumstances the U.S. would retain the ability to strike back with overwhelming force.

Still, the debate, as it has developed recently, has concentrated not so much on how many missiles are put where as on whether to install Sentinel at all, and if so, when. On the Senate floor and in the Foreign Relations Committee last week, Democratic and Republican opponents of the missile defense project fought to convince their colleagues that early construction would be a blunder. In the committee hearing—ostensibly on ratification of the Nuclear Non-proliferation Treaty—Tennessee's Al-

WALTER DENNETT



ROGERS



LAIRD

The question is now whether to install it at all and, if so, when.

and are now testing a "sophisticated new ABM system" while going full tilt to catch up with the U.S. in offensive capability. Laird has completely halted physical work on Sentinel sites pending a new review of the ABM project. While still insisting that all options—including having no system at all—are receiving "very thorough" study, he conceded that "personally, I lean toward some type of deployment for the protection of the people of the U.S." Deputy Secretary David Packard, who is in charge of the study, said that the "problem is going to be largely in terms of how it should best be deployed."

Overwhelming Force. At this point, the argument becomes essentially strategic. The Sentinel was originally planned to offer widespread, if shallow, "area defense," including protection for major population centers—an approach that war gamesmen call "damage limitation." An alternative to that aim is to reduce the number of missiles and concentrate on "point defense," in which most of the protected points would be of-

bert Gore got Secretary of State William Rogers to agree that the ABM had become "the big issue with respect to limiting the arms race." Rogers also said that he shared the hope that the decision on deployment could be deferred pending negotiations with Moscow. Laird, on the other hand, argued that "if we have an effective system, we should go forward immediately."

Logical Demand. The difference between the Laird and Rogers positions is not as wide as it seems. Rogers does not categorically oppose the ABM. Last week he denied that there is any inconsistency between continuing to press ahead with the project and ratifying the Nonproliferation Treaty, even though the pact contains a clause pledging the parties to seek "cessation of the nuclear-arms race at an early date." Said Rogers: "Realism requires that there be a certain mutuality."

It is certainly logical to demand that the Russians relinquish or freeze their ABM program if the U.S. does the same. But since no one can be sure



MOYNIHAN & HIS AIDES IN THE WHITE HOUSE *
Little regard for hardliners of either persuasion.

when talks will begin or how long it will take to reach agreement, the question remains as to what the U.S. should do now. For the current fiscal year, about \$1 billion has been appropriated for Sentinel. The budget request for the year starting July 1 is \$1.8 billion. The overall cost of even a thin system, originally pegged at \$3.5 billion, is now officially estimated to be more than \$5 billion. Some critics think that a more realistic figure for the defense system would be closer to \$10 billion.

Hottest in Years. Exactly what would the money buy? Proponents of the Sentinel have a simple answer: a reduction in casualties of perhaps millions of Americans in the event of nuclear war, plus an additional deterrent to enemy attack. Opponents of Sentinel, including Senator Edward Kennedy, answer that the Sentinel represents "false security" because it would only accelerate nuclear arms competition. Some distinguished scientists, notably Hans Bethe, Ralph Lapp and Jerome Wiesner, argue that the system would not live up to its advance advertising. Previous attempts to develop ABMs have faltered on the theory that they would be obsolete by the time they were installed.

Many experts remain convinced that, in nuclear war, the offense would always have the advantage—that any new defensive device could easily be neutralized by improvements in attack missiles. Contending that the Pentagon's review was inadequate, Kennedy announced that he was organizing an independent study by outside experts. This week the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee will begin hearings on ABM. Both inquiries can be counted on to generate still more controversy in what has already become one of the most heated—and most crucial—defense disputes in many years.

THE ADMINISTRATION Supereff in the Basement

As if to counterpoint his European journey, President Nixon last week sent Congress his first message on domestic problems. In it he once again confounded his critics and tempered his campaign rhetoric by proposing to realign the previous Administration's antipoverty programs rather than cancel them wholesale. As New York's liberal Senator Jacob Javits observed, the message was far more important for its "positive approach and tone than for the relatively few organization changes it makes." It was also a tribute to the counsel of Nixon's chief adviser on urban affairs, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose persuasive voice was largely responsible for the President's early—and forceful—guarantee that the subject of poverty will get "priority attention."

Moynihan's original appeal to Nixon and part of his present effectiveness was basically that of an adversary. He was part of the committee that drafted the Kennedy-Johnson "war on poverty," then turned into one of its harshest critics. In his recently published attack on the program, *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, Moynihan criticized the Office of Economic Opportunity for antipoverty campaigns that have a tendency "to oversell and underperform." That was precisely the kind of grouching that Candidate Nixon wanted the nation to hear during the campaign, and he sometimes quoted Moynihan. When it was time for the President-elect to deliver something more effective, he de-

* From left to right: Leonard Zartman, Moynihan, Stephen Hess, John Price, Christopher DeMuth, Richard Blumenthal, Michael Monroe. Behind them is what is believed to be the last self-portrait painted by Political Cartoonist Thomas Nast (died 1902).

cided to offer Moynihan the chairmanship of the new, Cabinet-level Council on Urban Affairs.

Jolting Moments. The two men's styles could hardly be more dissimilar. Moynihan, 41, is a big (6 ft. 5 in.), boisterous Irishman who pads around his basement office in stocking feet like a kind of White House Supereff. Quite apart from what one Nixon aide calls "Moynihan's flair," however, the President and Moynihan have each developed a strong respect for the other's ideas. It was Moynihan's idea, for example, for Nixon to tour the Washington ghettos a few weeks ago. "The important thing," he says, "is that the President was out among the people again."

It can safely be assumed that Moynihan is the first board member of Americans for Democratic Action (which he still is) to have seriously referred to Richard Nixon as an "intellectual." "Pat Moynihan understands Presidents," says Stephen Hess, a Nixon biographer who serves as deputy director of the council. "He knows what Presidents want, and he knows how to give it to them without taking up much of their time."

The new bonds have created some jolting moments. Nowhere has Nixon had to bend to necessity more than in last week's decision to transfer the Job Corps to the Labor Department. During the campaign, he had branded the program a "failure" and threatened to scuttile it. Some of Moynihan's own statements may also come back to haunt him, especially his 1965 report, as Assistant Secretary of Labor, on disintegration of the Negro family. The latest figures, unfortunately, back him up only too well: the nationwide rate of black illegitimacy has increased from 23.6% to 29.4% in the interim. But the Moynihan report was attacked by Negro leaders, including James Farmer, the recently named Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who charged that Moynihan had used "haphazard judgment" and stacked figures that glossed over white promiscuity.

National Urban Policy. Besides the Job Corps, Nixon's principal antipoverty change was to transfer the highly successful Head Start program to HEW, turning the Office of Economic Opportunity into a kind of research and development center without specific programs. Nixon's explanation consistently reflected Moynihan's deep concern with the first few years of childhood development, an area in which he feels research has progressed far enough to warrant permanent legislation—unlike many other aspects of the poverty program. Said Nixon: "We have learned that intelligence is not fixed at birth, but is largely formed by the environmental influences. We must make a national commitment to providing all American children an opportunity for healthful and stimulating development during the first five years."

Most of Moynihan's time is presently spent in holding opening sessions with

the seven Cabinet members* who sit on the council and with setting up committee work with his nine (v. the National Security Council's 29) young staff members, who often work 15 hours a day. His first top-priority assignment, suggested by Vice President Agnew, is to draft a coherent national urban policy, outlining the Federal Government's posture in relation to state and local authorities. One tentative conclusion: the Federal Government should flatly double aid to local governments when the Viet Nam war has ended, reforming the local funding mechanism to reward them on the basis of performance.

Unorthodox Thinking. If he can sort out the problems of equity and incentive that the Federal Government must face in attempting to heal the nation, Moynihan's guidelines could have the same durable influence in domestic affairs that George Kennan's famous containment policy memo achieved in foreign affairs. They can, in any case, be expected to further Moynihan's reputation as an unorthodox thinker with little regard for hard-liners of either liberal or conservative persuasion. But first Moynihan must last long enough in the White House basement to produce his report. "He is a very valuable guy," says a Democratic Congressman. "Nixon doesn't know what he's swallowed." Perhaps not, but so far it has every appearance of agreeing with him.

HUNGER

An Underdeveloped Country

The \$100,000 in dispute seemed hardly a sum to spur debate in the Senate, which routinely approves multimillion-dollar measures. What prompted Senate Majority Whip Ted Kennedy to lead a successful floor battle against the cut in a minor committee's budget last week was the conviction that something much bigger was at stake.

In the fight to meet the original budgetary needs of the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, Kennedy and other Democrats decided that the time had come to rebel against the Senate's Pavlovian habit of slashing non-defense appropriations while passing military spending bills unscathed. The grim testimony presented to the "hunger committee" proved the validity of that position.

Largely ignored, millions of Americans are hungry and sick in poverty pockets across the nation. Yet in some areas, especially the South, local, state and federal officials have refused even to acknowledge the problem in their own backyards. Last week their disingenuous silence was broken by Senator Fritz Hollings of South Carolina.

While Governor of the state (1959-63), the junior Senator admitted, he

had supported "the public policy of covering up the problem of hunger" in order to attract new industry to South Carolina. Hollings told the committee of the misery he had encountered there on a recent ten-day tour of impoverished counties. "There is hunger in South Carolina," said Hollings. "There is pellagra, a disease supposedly nonexistent in this country. [There are] rickets and scurvy." He was especially shaken by the high incidence of parasitic worms among the rural poor, who often live without even the most primitive forms of sanitation.

Even crueler than the physical disabilities that accompany chronic malnutrition is the apparent mental retardation suffered by children who barely survive on deficient diets. Says Hollings: "Many is the time that friends have pointed a finger and said, 'Look at that dumb nigger.' The charge is all too often accurate. But not because of the color of his skin. He is dumb because we denied him food. Dumb in infancy, he has been blighted for life."

Hollings' testimony was supported by several nutrition experts and social welfare workers who stressed the problem of parasites. Of 177 children they examined in Beaufort County, S.C., 98 were infested with intestinal worms, which sometimes grow to a foot in length. They reported that many of the children get only 800 calories a day. That, asserted Vanderbilt University Pediatrician Dr. James P. Carter, is "certainly not enough to support the child—and rarely enough to support the worms."

Few Free Lunches. Paul Matthias, director of the South Carolina Council on Human Relations, told the committee that school-lunch programs have been stopped in six of the 15 South Caro-

lina school districts where federal funds have been withheld for noncompliance with the federal school-desegregation law. This eliminated the only real meal that many poor children ever got during the day. Matthias also testified that in the town of Union, all schools were given additional federal food funds except one all-black high school, where only 300 of the 1,000 students receive lunches, and only ten children get them free. He reported that some Negro children, after switching to integrated schools, were told to go back to black schools if they wanted free lunches.

Too Big a Lump. Mrs. Landon Butler, a volunteer worker among the poor, testified that only 15% of the 18,000 people with incomes below \$3,000 participated in the food-stamp program in Beaufort County. The stamps, which cost as little as \$2 per month for those with incomes of less than \$100 per month, were simply too high. Said Mrs. Butler: "The lump sum outlay of cash required to purchase the stamps makes it impossible for a majority of the low-income families to benefit from the program. The response I received from those eligible but not participating was the same over and over again: 'I can't afford it. It costs too much.'"

This problem may be at least temporarily relieved in some areas of South Carolina. Following his testimony, Hollings and South Dakota Senator George McGovern, chairman of the committee investigating hunger, met with Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin. Within a week, said Hardin, free food stamps should be available to needy families in Beaufort and equally deprived Jasper County. When Hollings walked into a Democratic Campaign Committee luncheon the day after Hardin's announcement, Ted Kennedy stood, shook his hand and said: "Well, I'll be damned! You did in one day what Bobby tried to do for a year and a half."

While the testimony thus far has focused on South Carolina, the committee will investigate hunger in impoverished areas in a dozen states. In two weeks, the committee will hold hearings on hunger among migrant workers in Florida's Collier and Palm Beach counties. Later in March, it will investigate Boston's school-lunch program. These field trips will be followed by others to Appalachia, to Indian reservations and to the Mexican American ghettos. By exploring and exposing the plight of the poor, sick and undernourished, the hunger committee will surely demonstrate that for a sizable segment of its populace, the U.S. is an underdeveloped country.



POVERTY VICTIM IN BEAUFORT COUNTY, S.C.
Barely enough calories for the worms.

* Robert H. Finch of HEW; George Romney, Housing and Urban Development; George Shultz, Labor; Clifford Hardin, Agriculture; Maurice Stans, Commerce; John A. Volpe, Transportation; and John Mitchell, Justice.

REPUBLICANS

Sic Transit Bliss

If there were a patent on Republican professionalism, Richard Nixon and National Chairman Ray Bliss would hold a joint title to it. As pragmatic veterans of many campaigns and as sometime allies—though never personal friends—the President and the chairman seemed ideal partners to guide the G.O.P. through next year's congressional election. Thus, when Bliss announced his resignation last week under unsavory White House pressure, the Democrats were delighted and many Republicans disturbed.

Bliss has been no ordinary National Committee chief. He already had a national reputation for rebuilding the party in Ohio when leaders, including Nixon, called him to Washington after the 1964 Goldwater disaster. Bliss's talent for organization and avoidance of the ideological disputes that had fragmented the party played a large part in the Republican renaissance of 1966 and 1968. His well-heeded exhortation to party workers was: "Build! Build! Build!"

No Showboat. During the 1966 campaign, when Nixon was stumping the country for G.O.P. candidates, coolness developed between them. Nixon wanted the National Committee to furnish a private jet plane. Bliss demurred. If one potential presidential candidate got that kind of help, he argued, they all should. Nixon did not take the rebuff well. Yet last summer, the National Committee, presumably with Nixon's blessing, re-elected Bliss and gave him a \$10,000 raise in salary (to \$40,000).

It was immediately after the election that Nixon aides passed word that the President-elect wanted a new man. The ostensible reason: the party needed an articulate, attractive spokesman to project vitality. Blind in one eye, squat of build, chubby of face and soporific as a speaker, Bliss, at 61, could hardly meet that requirement. Nonetheless, the rationale for wanting him out was somewhat specious. National chairmen rarely serve as showboats, and when a party controls the White House, its public image lives there. After Republican Governors and national committeemen protested, Nixon eased off. In January, he invited Bliss in for a chat, which ended with the announcement that the chairman would stay on indefinitely.

Brother's Advice. The rumors generated by Nixon intimates did not cease, however. Then a new element materialized in the person of Murray Chotiner, 59, an old Nixon crony. The California lawyer had worked in Nixon campaigns through 1952, later became implicated in a federal conflict-of-interest investigation. Though he had not been visible in the Nixon entourage for years, all at once he was installed in an office five floors above the G.O.P. Committee headquarters. Calls from the White House came in on Chotiner's phone, not Bliss's. Unwilling to continue as a figurehead, Bliss chose to return to his Akron insurance business.



BLISS AT WASHINGTON HQ
Somewhat specious rationale.

No one imagines that Nixon will now give the job to Chotiner. But, as Chotiner tells it, he will become the operating director while a new chairman concentrates on "meeting the public." Nixon's first choice to take over when Bliss leaves in April is Maryland Congressman Rogers Morton, who was convention floor manager for Nixon in Miami Beach and is a likely candidate for Senator next year. Morton's brother Thruston, a former Senator and G.O.P. national chairman himself, is advising Rogers to reject the job if Chotiner remains a power in the National Committee.

ELECTIONS

Modest Reform

No special expertise in politics is needed nowadays to recognize that the nation's 168-year-old electoral process is an anachronism, and a potentially dangerous one. Last week, the President declared that its reform "should be given the earliest attention by the Congress."

As it turned out, however, the President's demands were considerably less drastic than his campaign oratory had suggested. Instead of saying, as he had in October, that "the candidate who wins the most popular votes should be President," Nixon now declares: "Practicality demands recognition that the electoral system is deeply rooted in American history and federalism."

Glaring Weaknesses. What the President suggested is essentially bits and pieces from earlier reform recommendations. He proposed that instead of having to get a majority of the electoral votes, a presidential candidate could win with only 40%. If the two top contestants did not receive that plurality, the House would not be called upon to resolve the deadlock as now, but in-

stead a special general election would be held, with victory going to the candidate who received more popular votes.

This formula would eliminate several weaknesses that became glaringly apparent during the last election campaign. For a time it was feared that George Wallace would deprive the two front-runners of an electoral majority, leaving him free to try to impose his own presidential preference by throwing his captive vote to the candidate who came closer to his ideological criteria. The President's proposal would allot each state as many electoral votes as it had congressional representatives, but there would be no individual electors. Thus it would no longer be possible for a maverick like North Carolina's Dr. Lloyd W. Bailey in 1968 to vote defiantly for George Wallace when Nixon won the popular vote in his district.

Practicable Compromise. The weakness of the proposal, of course, is that voters still would not directly elect a President. A minority candidate who did not carry the popular vote nationwide could still win the election by snaring 40% or more of the electoral votes. As before, millions of voters could be disfranchised every four years, even though the Electoral College's "winner-take-all" system would be replaced by a proportional tally. In his message, Nixon said that he favored abolition of the college but explained that his solution is a practicable compromise. "I doubt very much," he said, "that any constitutional amendment proposing abolition or substantial modification of the electoral vote system could win the required approval of three-quarters of our 50 states by 1972."

OKLAHOMA

The Sooner Boomer

Such picaresque problems as teachers up in arms over pensions and a highway department scandal can have an unsettling effect on a legislature. Last week, however, lawmakers of the sovereign state of Oklahoma laid aside these minor matters to concentrate on a historic decision. Without a dissenting nay, the assembly decreed that the collared lizard, known as "the mountain boomer" amid the hills of Ouachita and Wichita, will henceforth be designated as the Sooner State's official reptile.

Representative Lee Cate, champion of *Crotaphytus collaris*, introduced a prime boomer in a box to the assembly. The box fell. The lizard leaped. A fleet-footed fellow, he accomplished several laps around the chamber floor before being collared. Despite impressive arguments by a state senator who favored the horned toad, *Crotaphytus collaris* will share honors with mistletoe (*Phoradendron flavescens*), the state flower; the redbud (*Cercis canadensis*), the state tree; and the scissor-tailed flycatcher (*Muscivora forficata*), the state's official bird. State officials of Alabama, which has long been nicknamed the Lizard State, refrained from comment.

THE CITY: BLACK POWER IN OFFICE

BOTH men won election by paper-thin majorities. As the first Negro mayors of large U.S. cities, both realized that their opposition would be deep-seated, however well or badly they might perform.

In Gary, Ind., Richard Hatcher literally had to break in on the job; his predecessor had not left the office key with him. Cleveland's Carl Stokes, after quelling a summer riot that took ten lives, had to face near rebellion in his own police department.

The first 14 months in office have not been easy on either man. Yet each in his own fashion mounted bold attacks on the enormous problems in his city. In the process, they have worked no miracles of unity. But they have succeeded in allaying the baser suspicions that clouded their campaigns. If blue-collar workers and diverse ethnic groups remain vaguely hostile to both mayors, Stokes and Hatcher have won impressive financial and moral support from the business community.

Stokes, 41, who had been boosted by Cleveland's press and industry, last May persuaded the private sector to ante up \$10 million, primarily for housing and unemployment programs. That seed money for a much-touted "Cleveland: NOW!" effort has already sprouted more than \$100 million in massive aid from federal matching fund programs. It has found jobs for 5,900 hard-core unemployed—more than a fourth of the city's total—and disbursed \$500,000 to help black businessmen get started. It will create 4,600 new housing units by the end of next year.

Relatively Closed Town. Hatcher, 35, the mayor of a smaller, seedier and far less diversified city (65% of the work force is employed by U.S. Steel), was able to tap foundations as well as the Federal Government. When he threatened to re-evaluate U.S. Steel property,

the results were immediate. The company started building middle-income houses, recently gave the city land for a park and donated some funds. Altogether, Gary has received more than \$30 million in federal and private grants—more than in its entire 62-year history.

Hatcher also directed the full weight of the police department against organized gambling and prostitution, which have been Gary's second-biggest industry for years. In the first half of 1968, police made 157 gambling arrests—more than five times the total for all of 1967. In one year, says Hatcher, the wide-open "sin town" of Gary has become "relatively closed."

Badly as they were needed, however, dollars were easier to win than the trust of white constituents, who comprise half of Gary and 66% of Cleveland. Stokes, an attractive extrovert, encouraged any citizen to bring his gripes to the mayor's office—so much so, he jokes, that the practice has "become like a parody on the old Negro spiritual *Take Your Troubles to the Lord*. Everyone brings his troubles to city hall."

Hate on the Crawl. Stokes's honeymoon was ended by last summer's riot in heavily Negro Glenview, which the mayor stifled by removing from the area all authorities except for black city cops. The trouble—and his strategy—cost him the trust of many white officers and, as Stokes says, "gave the haters a chance to crawl out from under the wall." But even that, his supporters believe, did not hurt Carl Stokes in the long run. The whites were finally convinced that he had no ties with extremists, and the blacks approved of his black-only police methods. "The brothers have put him to the test," says bearded Negro Militant Leader Franklin R. Anderson. "And he has come out O.K."

Hatcher, a quiet lawyer who neither drinks nor smokes, has faced no such trial by fire. Yet Gary remains, by almost any standard, a more divided city than Cleveland. Part of the reason is political, since Hatcher gained office only after stomping on the corrupt political machine of his own Democratic party. He then added insult to injury by opposing ingrown patronage practices. Now he is even losing the loyalty of some blacks on the City Council.

Many whites clearly resent Hatcher, more for racial than partisan reasons. Normally a Democratic stronghold, Gary voted heavily for Nixon last November, giving Humphrey only a handful more votes than George Wallace. In addition, the city's biggest white neighborhood, Glen Park, is trying to cut itself adrift of the city by planning a series of maneuvers in the state legislature. Hatcher, however, feels that progress has been made. "In the past I've visited white areas where people almost spat at me," he says. "Today I hear some mothers say to their children: 'There's the mayor—get his autograph.'"

J. EDWARD BAILEY



DETROIT'S NEW SQUEEZE
No way to fight it.

The Nutcracker

City police forces have tried for years to develop a cheap, effective, nonlethal weapon. A variety of expensive hardware has been tested, but the gun and the nightstick are still the basic tools of restraint. Now police in Detroit think that they have the answer. They have developed a new \$10 weapon known as the "nutcracker," which consists of two foot-long plastic sticks joined at one end by four short nylon cords.

Pointed at the suspect like a dowsers' divining rod, the weapon works on two simple principles: speed and pressure. Before the offender can escape, or if he resists arrest, the sticks are clamped around his arm, wrist or hand. The cords act as a hinge. If he resists, the arresting officer merely squeezes the sticks, inducing severe, immobilizing pain. Either way, no permanent injury is usually inflicted because the pain will subside the offender before any physical damage occurs.

The nutcracker is equally effective in mob control and dispersal. Holding on to only one stick, the patrolman swings the other like a flail. Any attempt to grab the swirling stick results in a broken limb. A blow on the head can fracture a skull. Says a Detroit police official: "With six men carrying the sticks, we can penetrate 50 men and bust up their formation and come back out."

The nutcracker was developed by a suburban Detroit karate expert, Russell Hanke. He adapted the weapon from a similar one used by the Okinawans during World War II. In its original form, the device was used by Okinawan farmers for centuries as a tool to flail rice. Said Hanke: "It was the only weapon I couldn't figure out a way to fight." On the strength of Detroit's success with the instrument, Michigan state police and 45 other municipal and county police organizations are now testing the nutcracker, which, some have found, can also crack nuts.



STOKES



HATCHER

Dollars were easier to win than trust.

THE WORLD

A GRIM REMINDER THAT THE WAR GOES ON

It was 2 a.m. in the dark of the night. All across the war-weary country, South Vietnamese were sleeping off the revelry of *Tet*, Viet Nam's longest and happiest holiday. This three-day *Tet* had passed peacefully, unlike the nightmare of the year before, when more than 36,000 of the Communists' finest assault troops smashed into South Viet Nam's cities and towns. Then suddenly, in a whoosh of rockets and thud of mortars, the nightmare seemed about to begin again. Barely 19 hours after they had ended a self-imposed, week-long *Tet* truce, Communist gunners launched coordinated rocket and mortar attacks on more than 100 cities, towns and military installations throughout South Viet Nam, including the capital of Saigon.

This time, at least in the first phases of the attacks, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong appeared to be aiming primarily at military targets, not civilians. However, several Soviet-built 122-mm. rockets fell into Saigon—the first such bombardment of South Vietnamese civilian areas since Lyndon Johnson ordered a bombing halt over North Viet Nam last Oct. 31. The big missiles, fired from the outskirts of the capital, whistled in during the early-morning hours in two brief barrages. One round fell into the central market, smashing vendors' stalls and killing a Vietnamese woman. The others dropped into res-

idential areas, where at least five persons died.

Infantry on Guard. Danang, the country's second largest city and the coastal hub of northernmost I Corps, suffered greater damage. Rockets and mortar rounds poured into the city as well as into surrounding military installations. Chain explosions rocked an ammunition dump, setting huge fires raging and pumping black smoke high into the sky. A Marine hangar at the airfield was damaged. Incoming rounds hit a bare 200 yards from the headquarters of the Third Marine Amphibious Force, damaging the naval support headquarters just across the Danang River.

Other attacks shook the imperial city of Hué, Pleiku in the Central Highlands and the sprawling supply base at Cam Ranh Bay. In the wake of the bombardments, the Communists attempted a few scattered small-scale ground probes. Infiltrating Communist infantry and sappers were loose in Danang, and local allied commanders decreed a 24-hour curfew to aid in flushing them out. In Saigon, a demolition squad slammed B-40 rocket rounds into an isolated precinct station and killed four policemen before being driven off with their own loss of four dead. Long Binh, a U.S. headquarters and logistics base just north of Saigon, was hit by 80 mortar rounds and a number of rockets. Nearly a dozen Communist troopers

penetrated Long Binh's defensive wire, but were soon repelled. A similar probe tested the defenses of nearby Bien Hoa airbase. Northwest of Saigon, two Communist battalions tangled with a unit of the 25th U.S. Division.

Unlike last year, when virtually half the Vietnamese army was on carefree—and careless—leave at *Tet*, the allies were well prepared this time. While thousands of Vietnamese flocked into the streets to celebrate *Tet*, armed Vietnamese infantrymen stood guard on nearly every corner. The U.S. Embassy, briefly invaded by a Communist assault team last *Tet*, resembled a huge bunker bristling with concrete defense works and armed men. Yet, aside from relatively minor Communist violations of their own truce, the country as a whole was quiet during the fete. Not until it had ended did the Communists strike.

Curfew Passes. Whether for political reasons or because of military weakness, they had not launched a major campaign for six months. Still, captured documents had indicated that they retained hopes of a spectacular new offensive. By week's end, intelligence reports began piling up, indicating that Communist forces were indeed on the move in III Corps, the belt of important provinces surrounding Saigon. Since the Communists had an estimated 20,000 to 30,000 assault troops deployed within striking distance of the capital, the reports were not taken lightly. They were regarded so seriously, in fact, that on the eve of the attack U.S. mess halls in Saigon closed three hours early. The park in front of Independence Palace, normally a trysting place for lovers, was deserted. Extra troops and police manned checkpoints to examine thoroughly the curfew passes of the few stragglers still in the streets. Thus within minutes after the Communists opened up with their first rounds, flares spread their eerie glow into the night sky and allied gunners fired back at suspected Communist battery emplacements.

At week's end, with initial damage and casualties light, it was still unclear whether the countrywide attacks were the signal for a major ground offensive or merely a macabre salute to commemorate last year's bloody campaign, which had so stunned the allied war machine and shattered optimistic predictions that the Communists were on the run. Perhaps Hanoi simply felt that a show of force would strengthen its position at the Paris peace talks as Richard Nixon's negotiators took over. Whatever the Communists' motivation, the attacks—and their timing—served as a reminder that the war in Viet Nam goes on in ways all too familiar for comfort.



TET CROWDS IN SAIGON BEFORE ATTACK
Macabre salute to a bloody campaign.



AYUB KHAN BEFORE ANNOUNCEMENT



BHUTTO AFTER RELEASE FROM JAIL

PAKISTAN'S AYUB STEPS DOWN

PAKISTAN'S welfare is my life's treasure. I love every particle of its dust. I am convinced that any step I now take to bring peace to the country will have an effect on its future and history." To millions of Pakistanis listening hushed around their transistor radios, the calm, measured voice of President Mohammed Ayub Khan seemed inadequate for the drama of his message. "In all my difficult times," said Ayub, "I have prayed to God for guidance." Then, in a striking echo of Lyndon Johnson's renunciation of the U.S. presidency last year, he declared: "I have decided, in the light of my faith, to announce that I will not be a candidate in the next election. This is my irrevocable decision and there is no possibility of my changing it."

Thus, after more than ten years in power, the 61-year-old President of Pakistan last week bowed to his conscience—and his critics—by declaring that he would step down at the end of his term next year. It was the decision of a concerned man, executed with the dignity and grace of the lifelong soldier that Ayub Khan is. Yet once again it underscored—in a world in which the people increasingly take to the streets—the fragility and vulnerability of all but the very strongest authority.

Candlelight Procession. The pattern of unrest in Pakistan had a familiar beginning in student demands for education reform, which sparked bloody rioting. By last October, however, when civil disorders began to erupt on a wide scale, the opposition to Ayub was pushing far more substantive complaints. One had to do with Ayub's system of "basic democracy," which was really little more than constitutional window

dressing to ensure his stay in power. Another was the resentment of the people of East Pakistan, 55% of the divided country's population, over what they felt to be the neglect of their interests by the central government.

The crescendo of violence, of rioting and of police repression mounted over five months until the toll was more than 70 dead. Last week alone, in the five days preceding Ayub's radio surrender, at least 38 people died in disorders in West and East Pakistan. Most of the trouble was in the East, where mob rule shook Dacca, the largest city, and army troops with automatic weapons confronted demonstrators who shrieked: "Rise! Rise!" Scores were injured by bayonets and flying *lathis*, the steel-tipped bamboo sticks used by the police, and attempts at curfews proved useless. But when Ayub's message flashed across the country, the mood altered instantly. In Karachi and other cities, crowds poured into the streets to dance in jubilation at the news. In Rawalpindi, a candlelight procession took place.

Referendum in the Streets. Ayub had tried to stave off the final denouement by compromising with the opposition. In recent weeks he had canceled the emergency regulations, amounting to military rule, that had been in force since the 1965 war with India. He had released hundreds of political prisoners, and offered to sit down and negotiate reforms with his opponents. That was an invitation that his enemies refused. When Ayub met with leaders of his ruling Pakistan Moslem League to discuss ways out of the dilemma, one aide suggested a referendum on the country's problems. The President, his face grey and hag-

gard, replied: "What is happening in the streets in the whole country is already a referendum."

The army, which had always been Ayub's primary base of support, may have begun to waver: there were suggestions that Ayub sensed a growing skepticism among its officers. He also realized that he had underestimated his opposition; he knew that former Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, once a loyal ally but now a determined enemy just released from jail, meant business when he declared: "This campaign is not a movement—it is a real, full-fledged revolution." Short of ceaseless bloodletting, there finally seemed to Ayub no alternative but surrender.

Befriending China. Mohammed Ayub Khan came to power in 1958 after a lengthy period of political upheaval and instability. The ramrod-straight, tall (6 ft. 2 in.) Sandhurst-trained commander in chief of the army had a soldierly disdain for politics that initially moved him to resist a military takeover. Once in control, however, he proved to be a natural politician who understood power and knew how to use it. He quickly set to cleaning the political house, pushing land reform, education and an end to corruption. From the beginning, he operated with a mixture of autocracy and measured democracy. In 1962, he pushed through a new constitution that provided for election of the President by 80,000 (later raised to 120,000) so-called basic democrats—men who could theoretically make their own choice but who were essentially under his control. The government "guided" the press and, while Ayub permitted a national assembly, it had only limited powers.

Initially, there were few complaints about Ayub's attempts to create much-needed stability. Displaying a surprising grasp of economics, Ayub modernized

agriculture through subsidized fertilizer sales to farmers and through irrigation development, spurred industrial growth with liberal tax benefits. In the decade of his rule, gross national product rose by 45% and manufactured goods began to overtake such traditional exports as jute and cotton.* He shunned prestige projects and stressed birth control in a country that has the fifth largest population in the world: 125 million. He dismissed criticism with the comment that if there was no family planning, the time would surely come when "Pakistanis eat Pakistanis." In foreign affairs, he retained his ties to the West but also maneuvered toward a more neutral position by befriendling China and moving closer to the Soviet Union. His main foreign policy executor then was Bhutto, who was militantly nationalist, often strongly anti-Western and afflicted with a near fanatic hatred of India.

By 1965, shortly after Ayub had won a second presidential term in a surprisingly close election that pitted him against Fatima Jinnah—the sister of Pakistan's founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah—he began running into problems. Pakistan's small educated elite, shut out from power, began to turn against him, criticizing his arrogance and intolerance as well as his reluctance to delegate authority. There were increasingly bitter allegations of corruption, centering on his eldest son Gohar Ayub, who had risen from army captain to millionaire in six years. Ayub's reaction to all complaints was to impose tighter curbs on the press and his opponents. His reputation took another dip with the near calamitous war with India. Ayub's propaganda organs claimed victory when even the simplest peasant could see that that was nowhere near the truth.

When Bhutto condemned the Soviet-sponsored Tashkent Agreement, which restored the old Indo-Pakistan borders, Ayub fired his Foreign Minister—although offering him an ambassadorship as a sop. Bhutto elected to stay at home and became increasingly critical of the President, a stand that gained him wide support among students and intellectuals. Last November, Ayub finally jailed him on charges of inciting to riot and endangering the national security—clearly an attempt to head the former Foreign Minister away from a presidential challenge later this year. By that time the opposition had hardened about demands for abandoning the "basic democrat" system, and Bhutto had become one of its loudest spokesmen.

Titular Presidency. When Ayub finally gave up last week, he renewed his offer to negotiate with his opponents on constitutional reform based on "free and democratic elections." If there was no agreement, he warned, he would

* The country's wealth still remained concentrated in a few hands. A government economic expert estimated last fall that 20 families control 66% of industry and 80% of banking.



SWISS POLICE SEARCHING TERRORISTS
Dilemma of where to lay the blame.

evolve his own proposals. Some sources think that they will probably feature a titular presidency in a British-style parliamentary democracy, based on universal suffrage, as well as more regional autonomy for East and West Pakistan. Ayub has a year to lay the foundations for his ideas while opposition leaders struggle for the succession.

The challenge with which the President has confronted the opposition is formidable indeed. By removing himself from the political scene, he has deprived his opponents of the one aim that all agreed on: opposition to his rule. To avoid the instability of the pre-Ayub period—the President once called that era "an agonizingly prolonged political farce"—the opposition will have to work together. But existing divisions among the opposition parties make that at best a tenuous hope.

Moreover, the leading contenders for future leadership either have only local backing or command only a small popular base of support. Bhutto, the only Ayub enemy to have announced his availability for the succession, is strong only in West Pakistan and would probably not receive the endorsement of the Democratic Action Committee, an essentially conservative alliance of eight parties that combined forces to pressure Ayub. Sheik Mujibur Rahman, a fiery and popular East Pakistani who advocates partial autonomy for his area, would do well in East Pakistan but might raise fears of secession in the West. Retired Air Marshal Asghar Khan, a recent arrival on the political front and the sober, solid head of Pakistan International Airlines, has virtually no popular base, though he might eventually appeal to the Democratic Action Committee parties. For all his weaknesses, Ayub was an imposing national figure even before he took power in 1958. None of the men who have combined to depose him and propose to replace him can make that claim.

MIDDLE EAST

Terror in Two Cities

It was dusk as an El Al Boeing 720 taxied out for takeoff from Zurich's Kloten airport, carrying 17 passengers, a crew of eleven and 27.5 tons of highly inflammable fuel. Suddenly, from a cream-colored Volkswagen parked near a hangar, four young Arabs rushed forward. At a distance of 80 yards, two opened fire with automatic rifles; the others hurled a package of dynamite, which failed to explode, and incendiary grenades, which went off short of the huge Israeli airliner.

As 50 or more bullets stitched the aircraft's front fuselage, Pilot Trainee Yoram Peres doubled up with three bullets in his abdomen (he was later reported recovering). Copilot Moshe Heichel was hit in the hand. Over the plane's loudspeaker, passengers heard Captain Israel Ganot order, "Everybody down on the floor. Don't move. Keep quiet. God is with us." One who did not obey was Mordechai Rahamim, 22, an ex-paratrooper whom El Al preferred to call an armed passenger but who was evidently a hired security agent. Holding a .22-caliber Beretta automatic, he jumped from an emergency exit and ran toward the attackers, firing as he went.

Plea in Question. Already on the spot were the airport's unarmed Swiss firemen, alerted by the tower, which spotted smoke from the grenades. One terrorist threw away his gun, and a fireman took a second gun away from another. Plunging toward the milling group, Rahamim fired three shots at close range, killing one of the Arabs, Abdel Moshen Hassan, a 32-year-old Jordanian. The police then took into custody his three companions, including one woman, a 22-year-old schoolteacher named Amena Dahhor. All three claimed to be Palestinian.

Swiss police said later that the four

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TIMKEN
REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Northwest hostesses, front row: Ilona Lee, Hong Kong; Gretchen Krieger, Edina, Minnesota; middle: Monica Cheng, Seoul, Korea; Emiko Kashiwara, Tokyo, Japan; Kay Chang, Seoul, Korea; back: Irene Gardner, St. Paul, Minnesota; Sharon Hurd, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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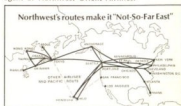
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had arrived ten days before, and had destroyed their passports, evidently to shield Arab governments from blame. They will face a battery of charges in Swiss courts. As for Rahamim, who was also arrested, his expected plea of self-defense will turn on whether or not the slain terrorist was disarmed before he was shot—a point the Swiss were still investigating.

In contrast to what happened on the occasion of previous attacks on El Al—a skyjacking over the Mediterranean last July and an automatic-rifle assault in Athens in December—the international community this time was prompt in its protest. United Nations Secretary General U Thant described the attack as "criminal and dastardly." Britain, France, the Vatican and the U.S. issued condemnations. Washington also promised to raise the subject of protection of commercial aircraft at a council meeting this week of the International Civil Aviation Organization in Montreal.

One reason for the diplomatic denunciations was to head off any massive Israeli retaliation, such as the commando raid on Beirut airport last December. In Israel itself, government leaders reiterated their longstanding policy of holding Arab governments responsible for terrorist attacks, and thereby subject to reprisal. As Defense Minister Moshe Dayan put it, "We shall hit them where it hurts most."

Doubt Dispelled. Yet the Zurich attack presented Israel with an acute dilemma: where to lay the blame. The terrorists had trained for the assault in Jordan, departed from Damascus and touched down briefly in Beirut on their way to Switzerland. Moreover, the Marxist-leaning and faction-ridden Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which claimed "full responsibility" for the raid, would like nothing better than for Israel to attack or bomb Damascus. Syria once jailed P.F.L.P.'s leader, a Palestinian doctor named George Habash who now makes his headquarters in Amman. The Front also staged the Athens attack on El Al, which from its point of view was a double success. The subsequent reprisal raid on Beirut cost Tel Aviv heavily in world opinion and brought about French President Charles de Gaulle's embargo on arms shipments to Israel.

If there was any doubt that Israel would nonetheless retaliate, it was dispelled later in the week by another terrorist attack in Jerusalem, for which P.F.L.P. also claimed responsibility. Some 200 pre-Sabbath shoppers were crowded into a downtown supermarket, where a tin filled with ten pounds of dynamite had been placed against a pillar. In the explosion, two youths were killed, and nine other shoppers were injured. Viet Cong-style, the terrorists had planted another bomb in a biscuit tin and timed it to go off as rescue workers gathered. It was safely defused, but few Israelis any longer doubted that there would be a reprisal.

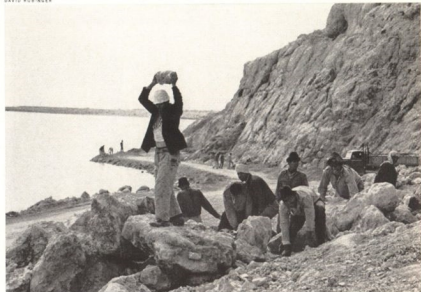
ISRAEL SETTLING IN TO STAY

To the rest of the world, the cease-fire lines that marked the end of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war are only temporary frontiers. But as the political stalemate continues, the Israelis are quietly hardening the lines and forging their own solution out of the status quo. So far, they have formally annexed only Arab Jerusalem, but in accordance with a plan proposed by Deputy Premier Yigal Allon and secretly approved by the Cabinet four weeks ago (TIME, Feb. 7), they are settling the Golan Heights, cutting roads for new villages in the Sinai, and estab-

DAVID RUBINER

lishing a string of fortified settlements overlooking the Jordan River—and to make the desert bloom for Israel.

Shirt-Sleeve Mufti. Today irrigation pipes lace the fields around Kallia, as sprinklers shoot jets of fresh water high in the air. Massey-Ferguson cultivators dig furrows, and Kallia's first crop of yellow corn is sprouting. One acre has been set aside for a hydroponic plot. Nutrients and chemicals from a 60,000-gallon fiber-glass reservoir wash long rows of coal-black tuff, a cinderlike debris of volcanic lava brought from the Golan Heights. In the tuff are melon and tomato seeds that may, thanks to the



ARAB REFUGEES AT WORK ON NEW ROAD TO KALLIA
Demonstration of a good life for everyone.

lishing a string of fortified settlements overlooking the Jordan River. One such settlement is at Kallia, on the northwest tip of the Dead Sea. **TIME** Correspondent Marlin Levin visited Kallia and last week sent this report:

UNTIL the Six-Day War, Kallia was a sprawling Jordanian army base, rich in history but little else. Near by sit the brown Judean cliffs in whose natural caves were found the treasures of the Dead Sea scrolls. At Ain (spring) Feshkha, a favorite spa of ancient Rome's 10th Legion officers, waters still ripple out of the otherwise lifeless ground. When Israeli armor appeared on June 7, 1967, Kallia's Arab defenders had vanished across the Jordan River, leaving buildings, installations and many vehicles intact. For a time, Kallia was merely another dot on Israeli military maps of the occupied territories. Then, just a year ago, the soldier-farmers of Nahal, an acronym in Hebrew meaning "pioneering fighting youth," were dispatched to Kallia. Their mission: to protect Kallia and its portion of the front-

hydroponic forced feeding, yield up to ten times a normal crop. All told, the Israeli government has invested nearly \$500,000 in Kallia's uncertain political future.

Two roads lead to Kallia. One is closed by an improvised Hebrew sign warning of mines. The other is guarded by a shapely, smiling, blue-eyed blonde wearing fatigues and armed with a rifle and transistor radio. "We girls do the guard duty in the daytime. The boys are on at night," she explains. Nahal's settlers are largely boys and girls between the ages of 18 and 20, all volunteers. Technically, they are in the army and Kallia is formally an army camp, but the atmosphere is distinctly shirt-sleeve mufti. No one would ever think of saluting; everyone is known and called by his or her first name.

The Kallia workday is long for the *nahalniks*, as they call themselves. Eight hours are spent on farm work, followed by four to five hours of military training and guard duty. The settlement provides Israel with a close watch on traffic over the main highway from the

Jordan River to Jerusalem, and each morning the first order of the day is inspection. The dirt tracks that lead through Kallia's fields must be minutely examined for mines that *fedayeen* infiltrators from Jordan may have planted during the night. Until that task is completed, no one is allowed to venture out of the settlement to farm. The boys do the rough work in the fields, the girls work in the kitchen and care for Kallia's menage of 450 ducks, eight dogs and a mule.

Private Sources. The most important man at Kallia is not a soldier but a 27-year-old agronomist named Dani Afik. A specialist in arid-zone agriculture, Afik so far has put into cultivation 50 of Kallia's 4,000 acres of arable land. His first problem was finding water. Two bores have turned up unusable water, and he had to turn to the Wadi Kelt supply some five miles away. Trouble was, they were owned by an Arab family. "Whoever heard of private families owning water sources," says Afik more in amusement than anger. "At first the Arabs didn't want to sell us the water, but we negotiated." It was not a particularly good bargain for Kallia: the settlement pays the Arabs 8¢ per cubic meter, roughly four times the area's going rate. But part of the *nahalniks'* difficult job is to show the local Arabs that living with Israelis can be good for everyone.

The same colonial principle has been applied to the construction of a new road from Kallia to En Gedi, another settlement 25 miles to the south on the Dead Sea. "We could have built the road in half the time," says Dani, "but we wanted to give the Arabs work." Most of the road workers are from the Gaza refugee camps. The pay is good, they say, twice as much as they got under the Egyptians.

Smell It. "There is a future here," said Dani over lunch, served in the communal mess hall and consisting of salty consommé, spicy stewed beef with curry rice, bananas and orangeade. "We can develop this entire region both as a bountiful source of winter produce and as a winter resort. Our problem is what to do in summer. The temperatures go up to 120°." He sees his job purely as pioneering and, in the process, establishing ownership of the land, regardless of any criticism from the outside world that Israel is staking its claims prematurely. "If someone says we have taken land that does not belong to us, he is wrong," says Dani, although the Arabs might not agree. "No one ever worked this land. No one ever lived here. We are not throwing anyone out. It does not belong to anybody, except to God. The earth is lifeless. Smell it. It has no odor. We will put life back in it." As for Kallia's immediate future, Dani says: "We need three things. The road, water and peace. The one we're building. The second we'll find. And if we have those two, the third will come in due time."

ITALY

Bottom's Up

Italy's Communist Party has a new look these days: young. The average age of the Central Committee members elected at the party's recent Bologna congress is only 43—and only eight of the 171 members are veterans of the days when the party was formed in 1921. Of the 1,041 delegates to the congress, a fifth were less than 30 years old. In keeping with that youthful image is the man the congress elected deputy secretary-general and successor to aging Leader Luigi Longo. The heir apparent: Enrico Berlinguer, 46. Longo's health is failing; a stroke victim, he can deliver long speeches only from a sitting position. The handsome, vigorous Berlinguer is therefore almost certain to take



BERLINGUER

Type caster's idea of a radical.

over the party's leadership well before the 1974 elections and play a large role in Italian political life for years to come.

Spanish Influence. Rome's *Daily American* describes Berlinguer as "a movie type caster's idea of an Italian radical." He is slight, wiry, crew-cut, courteous but cool in manner. He has dark, piercing eyes and the swarthy color of a Sardinian (Catalan influence in his native Sardinia accounts for his Spanish-sounding name). He is served well at interminably long party meetings by another physical attribute: he can sit for hours without getting sore or restless. For this, comrades at national headquarters on Rome's Via delle Botteghe Oscure call him *culo di ferro*, which roughly translates into "Iron Bottom."

Central Casting would have to type Berlinguer as a white-collar Communist rather than a peasant. His lawyer grandfather was a Sardinian republican in the days of the Italian monarchy; his

lawyer father was a socialist anti-Fascist during the Mussolini era. Berlinguer studied law before he decided "to fight for the profound transformation of all social assets" and at 21 joined the Communist Party. Jailed by the Fascists for activities in Sardinia, Berlinguer came to the attention of the party's leader, Palmiro Togliatti.

Foreign Minister. The boss summoned him to Rome, where Berlinguer has remained since. He was active in party youth movements until he was 34, after that served as an organizer and administrator. As a Central Committee member, Berlinguer has become the Italian party's "foreign minister." He speaks fluent French and reads English, understands a little Russian and usually represents Italy at international Communist meetings.

It was Berlinguer who last November led an Italian delegation to Moscow to inquire about the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. For two days, Iron Bottom resisted pleas and pressures by Soviet leaders to give Italian approval of their action. In an eloquent two-hour speech at the Bologna congress, Berlinguer once again called for "the principle of the absolute respect for the independence and sovereignty of each and every Communist Party." He added: "What we need is a new way of coming to terms with the reality of the U.S.S.R. and the socialist countries."

Some critics call Berlinguer an Italian Kossygin—a skilled party craftsman who lacks charisma. They could well be wrong. Running for a Chamber of Deputies seat for the first time in last May's election, Berlinguer won handily; his 150,000 votes were the highest total on the Communist slate and almost twice Longo's vote. One group that Berlinguer understandably appeals to is youth; he refers to them as a "new force" and calls for "new ideas" to satisfy them. He also undoubtedly gets the women's vote. Along with rugged good looks, he tends to an exemplary bourgeois private life that Italian women approve of: a wife, three small children and a middle-class apartment located in Rome.

In his Rome office last week, with a portrait of Italian Communist Party Founder Antonio Gramsci staring over his shoulder, Enrico Berlinguer talked like the post-revolutionary, evolutionary Communist that he is. "We are not in a hurry to come to power in Italy," he said. "The important thing is to see our program adopted. We can do a great deal in pushing our program as an opposition party." The new deputy secretary-general is also an astute assessor of the impact that men can have on events: "At the beginning of this decade, we had a happy period of relaxation of tensions—the era of Kennedy, Khrushchev and Pope John. Those were such unusual personalities that it is hard to imagine such an era returning. But we can hope for some kind of easing of tensions."



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[A VW is small enough to fit into half a parking space.]

Let's say it's now 9:15 a.m. and the only other guy in the office is your boss.

[Now what could be more beautiful than that?]



EASTERN EUROPE

Uneasy Lies the Bloc

While President Nixon prepared for his swing through the capitals of Western Europe, Eastern Europe last week marked a melancholy milestone. Six months have passed since Warsaw Pact tanks rumbled into Czechoslovakia, but Communism's East Bloc still remains uneasy and uncertain.

Like Western Europe, Eastern Europe is pulling apart. It is torn by resurgent nationalism and the desire to trade with the West. These trends run directly counter to the interests of the Soviet Union, which seeks to dominate the bloc's economic activities through Comecon, the Communist equivalent of the Common Market, and to control political developments through Moscow-dominated Communist parties. But Comecon is a failure, and the Soviet attempt to impose its will on Czechoslovakia now appears to have created more problems than it solved.

Spring Maneuvers. By their invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Soviets arrested, for a time at least, the spread of liberal reforms and forced the country to return more or less to the practice of orthodox Soviet-style Communism. But the Soviets failed in their broader goal of imposing unity on the divided bloc. That failure, along with the defection of the West European Communist parties, is sure to cause further reverberations if the off-postponed world Communist summit actually does convene in May in Moscow.

The invasion, in fact, only widened the schisms in Eastern Europe. After an initial period of intimidated silence, the Rumanians, the only active Warsaw Pact members that did not participate in the invasion, have become more outspoken than ever against Russian domination in Eastern Europe. Displeased,

the Soviets in turn are pressing to hold Warsaw Pact maneuvers in Rumania this spring. Last week Soviet Marshal Ivan Yakubovsky, the Warsaw Pact commander, and Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily Kuznetsov, until recently the Russian viceroy in Prague, visited Bucharest for a chat with Rumanian leaders.

Spring maneuvers could bring dangerous tensions to the Balkans. Yugoslavia's President Josip Broz Tito, who had been enjoying a *rapprochement* with the Soviets, has withdrawn to his old neutralist stance and begun to strengthen his country's defenses. The Hungarian reaction has been different from all others, probably because the Czechoslovak episode revived the country's own memories of a far more harsh repression 13 years ago. In hopes of escaping a second crackdown, the Hungarians are keeping the political trappings in place, but at the same time are quietly pursuing cultural and economic reforms.

Hate Campaign. Along the northern "iron axis," the invasion strengthened the rule of the hard-liners. Stalinist Boss Walter Ulbricht seized on scattered protests against the invasion to cow East German students and intellectuals. He also began mobilizing East German youth for military service, and started an intense hate-West Germany propaganda campaign that prepared the way for his present war of nerves against the selection of a West German President in West Berlin. Polish Party Chief Wladyslaw Gomulka tightened his grip on the leadership by using the issue of bloc solidarity to rebuff his rival, former Interior Minister Mieczyslaw Moczar, an ardent anti-Semite and nationalist who seeks to lessen Polish dependence on Russia. The Bulgarians, the Soviet Union's most slavish satellites, remain totally obedient to Moscow's bidding.

The East Bloc's divided nature inevitably raises the question of how the Soviets will cope with the next country that seeks a greater measure of independence. There is an abiding fear that the Soviets will continue to rely on force, as they have three times in the past 16 years, to keep their unwilling allies in line. The other alternative, of course, is for the Soviets to accept a greater independence among the Eastern European countries and perhaps eventual erosion of the East Bloc system.

Its demise would be a slow process that would set off reciprocal changes in Western Europe's trade and security systems. As attractive as that prospect may seem to many Europeans in both the East and the West, there is unfortunately no indication that the Soviet Union is ready to countenance any such evolution. Until a change of policy—or leaders—occurs in the Kremlin, Europe will most likely be forced to settle for something less than a crumbling of the bloc.

RUSSIA

Flowers for Irina

The spectacle that unfolded last week on the steps of a courthouse on Moscow's Chernyshevsky Street is by now a familiar one in Russia. A crowd of friends and supporters of the accused had come, laden with bouquets of red tulips and yellow daffodils. Forbidden to attend the closed trial, they huddled in the freezing cold, waiting for a chance to express their sympathy with the latest victim of the government's crackdown on dissenters. This time the prisoner was a pretty 30-year-old blonde, Irina Belogorodskaya, whose crime consisted of having left her handbag, containing copies of a protest against the arrest of a political dissident, in a taxi. The charge: "Preparing and distributing false fabrication defaming the Soviet state and social structure." It took the court only five hours to find her guilty and sentence her to one year in a labor camp.

As she exited from the courtroom in a rain of spring flowers, the crowd shouted, "We're with you, Irina!" When one furious KGB guard stomped on a bouquet, a girl friend of Irina's grabbed it and struck the secret policeman on the head with the flowers. After a scuffle, Irina was spirited off to prison in a truck that looked like a bread-delivery wagon. Russian spectators recalled a similar scene in the last chapter of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*, when the hero, Gleb Nerzhin, is carried off to a Stalinist concentration camp in a gay orange and blue van marked "Meat."

Irina's trial was only the latest reminder of the Stalin era. The many hundreds of arrests of dissident intellectuals during the past four years have coincided with an official campaign to rehabilitate Stalin's wartime image. As the experienced reader of the Soviet press knows, every favorable mention



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of Stalin heralds some return to Stalinist methods by the authorities, including intimidation, denunciations, arrests and political show trials.

The victims are most often young people like Irina Belogorodskaya, whose life story perfectly embodies the generational conflict between Stalinists and libertarians in Russia today. Irina was tried for possession of documents that quoted a political prisoner as saying that "present conditions in Soviet concentration camps are just as terrible as under Stalin." Among the few spectators allowed to attend her trial was a high-ranking officer of the organization that, among its other grim tasks, ran those camps for over 40 years. He was Colonel Mikhail Belogorodsky of the KGB, Irina's father.

SOUTH AMERICA

The Russians Have Come

Not since Czarist days has Russia bothered to foster relations with far-away Peru, or has Peru cared about Russia. Now the two are becoming the best of friends. Three weeks ago they agreed to exchange ambassadors. Last week, after twelve days divided between business negotiations and Latin hospitality, representatives of both nations gathered at Lima's graceful Torre Tagle Palace to sign a two-year trade agreement. The precise products and terms are so far uncertain; the Soviet Union, through European middlemen, is already purchasing sizable quantities of Peruvian fishmeal. But the meaning of the event was clear. Peru's Foreign Minister, Eduardo Mercado Jarrin, one of a spangle of generals who seized power last October, called the occasion "the end of an era in which our trade was channeled in only one direction."

Mercado meant his voice to carry, and it did. Washington is dismayed these days by the fact that once friendly, conservative military men like those in the Peruvian junta have become as vociferously anti-Yanqui as the left-wingers who spat at and stoned Richard Nixon a decade ago when he visited South America as Vice President. Peru's rulers have seized a U.S. oil subsidiary called International Petroleum Co., and refuse even to discuss reparations with parent Standard Oil of New Jersey. Indeed, the Peruvians claim that I.P.C. owes them another \$17 million. Two weeks ago a perennial squabble over fishing rights flared again when a Peruvian navy vessel challenged U.S. tuna boats working within the 200-mile limit that Peru claims as territorial water. On earlier occasions, tuna men were released after buying fishing licenses. This time the Peruvians pumped more than sixty shots into one trawler. After U.S. officials inspected the porous hull, Ambassador John Wesley Jones submitted a \$50,000 damage bill to Peru. Unless the I.P.C. situation improves, U.S.-Peruvian relations will come to a bitter climax in April when President Nixon is forced by the Hickenlooper Amendment



SOVIET FREIGHTER DOCKED IN BUENOS AIRES
One way to make the Yanquis notice.

to revoke \$79 million in aid and preferential sugar purchases from Peru.

Economic Aggression. Peru's neighbors are scarcely happy about the I.P.C. controversy. As Argentine Economics Minister Adalberto Krieger Vasena observed last week, "Any dispute of this type affects all the countries and creates the impression that we do not favor foreign investment." Nor are they pleased by Peru's threat to charge the U.S. before the Organization of American States with "economic aggression" (the countercharge, quite properly, will be that the U.S. is willing to accept expropriation if need be but insists that Peru observe international law and make repayment). Yet, in a showdown, most would probably side with Peru because of the sad state of U.S.-Latin American relations, in spite of huge U.S. private investment. Once, other nations in the hemisphere could command U.S. attention by pointing to the threat of Castro subversion. Now, however, Cuban infiltration has failed and Castro has been muffled by the Russians as the Soviets seek peaceful expansion and influence in South America. One way for Latin politicians to make the U.S. notice is to go right ahead and parley with the Russians.

Russia's "Via Pacifica" diplomacy and the new responses of some South American countries to it have brought about a quantum increase in the Russian presence. The Soviets within the past two years have opened embassies in Colombia and Chile as well as Peru, and are now recognized by six South American nations. Even where there is no formal relationship, Moscow has been busy pushing rubles and culture. Total Russian trade with Latin America is growing and now amounts to \$260 million, compared with \$157 million in 1965. Moreover, in pursuit of diplomatic gains, the Russians graciously let the South

Americans have the long end of trade balances. The Soviets buy such commodities as bananas, coffee and cocoa on which these nations still depend and with which they too often glut Western markets.

Arms Are Different. Some experts doubt that this idyllic barter will last very long. Says Professor Ernst Halperin, a Latin America expert currently lecturing at Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "The Russians are not much interested in delivering economic assistance to countries they cannot control. But arms are a completely different question. They are the Russians' main instrument of expansion into an area, as they showed in Guatemala in 1954 and a year later in Egypt."

If the Russians were to begin arms shipments—they have already offered civilian aircraft—the U.S. response would be immediately hostile. But until that point is reached, the new Soviet amiability campaign seems to have the U.S. baffled. To the irritation of his southern neighbors, President Nixon neither made traditional mention of them in his Inaugural address nor has so far chosen an Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Last week the President did announce that New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who was a State Department Inter-American Affairs officer under F.D.R. and today maintains a Venezuelan ranch, would make a series of visits "to listen to the leaders" and consult on common goals. It will likely be some time before even Rockefeller can make sense and suggestions out of the situation. Meanwhile, the ubiquitous Russians keep at it. The Soviet trade delegation in Lima moved on to Quito last week to discuss an agreement covering Ecuadorian bananas. In Uruguay, Vice President Alberto Abdala packed his bags for a flight to Moscow to sign a \$20 million trade pact.

UNDIPLOMACY, OR THE DARK AGES REVISITED

THE only safe haven during Europe's dangerous Dark Ages and beyond was the castle, with its great moat, drawbridge and armed men glaring from the turrets. The era seethed with raids and counterraids, kidnappings and ransoms. No traveler was secure. Even Richard Coeur-de-Lion, King of England, so feared capture as he headed home from the Crusades in 1192 that he scuttled across central Europe in assorted disguises. No luck. Seized by Austria's Duke Leopold, poor Richard spent a year in captivity before his weary subjects began to cough up 150,000 silver marks—twice the annual revenue of England.

Power and Perfidy

Without stretching historical parallel too far, one can perceive in world events today certain startling resemblances to those times devoid of international order. A distinct strain of nasty, small-scale, almost personal violence among nations is emerging. The taking of hostages, for example, is becoming more and more popular: witness North Korea's use and abuse of the captured *Pueblo* crewmen or China's 19-month detention of Reuter's Correspondent Anthony Grey. There is also Ghana's jailing of the crewmen of two Soviet trawlers on suspicion of espionage. More recently, armed

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RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION BEING CAPTURED

Communist Chinese junks pounced on six yachts off Macao and seized 15 persons, among them six Americans.

Terror is another weapon: Iraq's brutal hanging of nine Jews as Israeli spies was clearly intended to intimidate the Israeli government, and the Arab commando attacks on El Al's jets have precisely the same aim. Israel, a master of the extralegal reprisal (the Beirut airport raid), has also excelled in long-range kidnapping, as in the classic case of Nazi War Criminal Adolf Eichmann, whom Israeli agents spirited out of Argentina in 1960. Former Congolese Premier Moïse Tshombe still sits in an Algerian jail, caught in a mid-air kidnapping in 1967. Such is the climate of the times that fifteen planes have been hijacked to Cuba so far this year. On a larger scale, the latest Soviet-East German squeeze on West Berlin is a modern-day refinement of the ancient tactics of siege.

All this seems unhappily reminiscent not only of the Dark Ages but of what Sir Harold Nicolson called the "wolf-like habits" of the Italian Renaissance, when Niccolò Machiavelli lectured Medici princes on the judicious use of power and perfidy. In those days, diplomats were regarded as no better than spies. An envoy's status abroad, in fact, was hardly assured until the Congress of Vienna established a European balance of power in 1815. The relative stability that followed, as Henry Kissinger pointed out in his 1957 book, *A World Restored*, "resulted not from a quest for peace but from a generally accepted legitimacy . . . an international agreement about the nature of workable arrangements and about the permissible aims and methods of foreign policy."

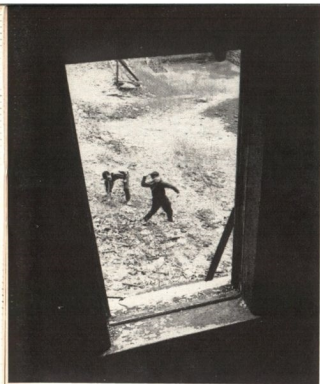
Unfortunately, the notion of legitimacy in world affairs has begun to fade. Primitive diplomacy—or undiplomacy—is increasingly back in style, partly because the world's two great powers are locked in a nuclear stalemate. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union is free to simply send in a gunboat to sort out an awkwardness. Modern communications link the world so closely together that a raw display of power in Pyongyang, for example, may produce severe reverberations in Moscow almost instantly. In addition, even small nations today have enough firepower of their own to blow an unfriendly gunboat out of the water. And the bipolar alliances that arose from the ashes of World War II almost inevitably ensure that a blow struck at a weak nation may be answered by a considerably more powerful ally. As a result, the big powers' key problem is how to control the actions of their smaller brethren: consciously or unconsciously, small nations have come to realize that they can act with relative impunity to achieve their own goals. The United Nations, once looked upon as a potential peace-keeping force, seems as unable to solve miniature clashes as it is to sort out major confrontations.

The new incidents of old-fashioned nastiness have several intriguing elements in common. For one thing, they generally involve nations that have no mutual diplomatic relations or, if such links exist, they tend to be severely frayed. For another, the favorite object of attack almost always involves vehicles—airliners, autos or ships—which points up the essential vulnerability of international transportation. A third point of similarity is that Communist and other totalitarian nations seem most ready to flout established diplomatic legitimacy (there are exceptions), doubtless because such regimes are freer to act without taking public opinion into account. Certainly the arbitrary use of raw power to achieve national goals is characteristic of these governments, and physical violence is an integral part of the new undiplomacy.

Old Rules, New Game

Unhappily, violence in international relations is burgeoning both in frequency and scope. Hannah Arendt warns that "the amount of violence at the disposal of a given country may no longer be a reliable indication of that country's strength or a reliable guarantee against destruction by a substantially smaller and weaker power." "Destruction" may be too strong a word, but it is true that the old balances between large and small states are changing. As Yale Political Scientist William J. Foltz points out, disruptions in established diplomatic order "tend to take place at times when the world is shifting from one form of world order to another, when the new rules of the game are still being worked out." The old rules, as laid out after 1945, implied that the great powers would guarantee the peace—but that task has found no lasting takers, and the smaller powers thus feel free to make up their own rules.

Clearly, there are no easy answers to the problem. For the U.S. at least, the beginnings of a solution may lie in establishing diplomatic relations with the 16-odd Communist, Arab and other nations with whom no formal ties now exist. In a moral sense, of course, it is often important to withhold recognition of despotic, illegitimate or aggressive regimes. In a practical sense, the tactic may also handicap the withholder by cutting off communication with countries that wield important strategic power—witness the U.S.'s current inability to influence Cuba or North Korea, not to mention Communist China. Indeed, the key to world stability at present surely lies in a greater effort to achieve such influence. Not only should the big powers be far quicker to sense and soothe the smaller powers' frustrations. Equally important, it may be time for them to unite in using some judicious force against those who take so much advantage of the nuclear stalemate.



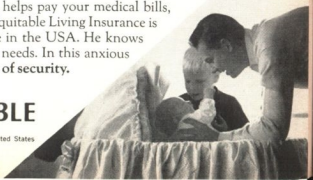
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PEOPLE



PETER FONDA IN THE SADDLE OF HIS CYCLE
All Columbia had to hear.

"I told Columbia it's all about these guys who ride motorcycles, take drugs, have a few fights, and get killed," said **Peter Fonda**, 30, and apparently that was all Columbia had to hear. Now Henry's boy is sitting in the saddle of his customized cycle—with its steeply raked front and ape hanger handlebars—ready to hit the road on it in his new film. "It's called *Easy Rider*," said Peter. "I play a character known as Captain America," who just races around cutting the roadways to ribbons experiencing "ultimate freedom."

Ever since Conductor Charles Munch died last November, the French Ministry of Culture has been searching for a worthy successor to lead the prestigious *Orchestre de Paris*. Tradition demands a Frenchman. But quality has now decreed an Austrian: **Herbert von Karajan**, 60, who is already busy enough as conductor of Salzburg Festivals and the music director of the Berlin Philharmonic. In Paris, the indefatigable maestro will double as music director and conductor, lead the *Orchestre* in a series of concerts at home, plus several festival appearances and tours of Japan and the U.S. Says he: "I consider the *Orchestre* a French institution and that it must be directed by a Frenchman in the near future. But until then I put myself entirely at its disposition."

It was the first luncheon in the White House State Dining Room since the Inauguration, and it was in honor of the ladies of the press. **Pat Nixon** had arranged the room with small tables seating ten each; centerpieces were Jackie Kennedy's vermeil baskets spilling out fresh garden flowers; the china was Lady Bird's eagle and state-flowers design. And just as the guests prepared to nibble their way through delicate chicken crepes and hearts-of-palm salad, who should show up but the President himself. "Just in time to cool our luncheon," quipped Pat, as her husband

showed off a valentine he had received from Willie Mae Rogers, the *Good Housekeeping* executive whose nomination as a consumer consultant had caused such a storm. He then proceeded to read it:

*Faces are red
Consumers are blue
Four days for me
Four years for you.*

"I was kinda thinking about eight years," said the President, as the assemblage burst into laughter.

The great brown-and-beige Rolls was tooling along at 60 m.p.h. down the autostrada between Rome and Florence when it hit an icy patch on the road. The car slammed into a lane divider, then caromed across the highway and pounded into a wall overlooking a 200-ft. ravine. Just before the crash, the front-seat passenger, Film Director **Franco Zeffirelli**, flung out his arm in a gallant gesture toward the driver. "My one thought was to save her face," he said later. As it turned out, Driver **Gina Lollobrigida** picked up no more than a bruise on the left cheekbone of her pretty face. But a broken kneecap required two operations—one to repair the fracture, a second to remove the scars—before the famous gam was as good as new. "I was very lucky," said Gina.

She could call it *The Perils of Josephine*, considering all the troubles that have plagued her as she has struggled to provide a home for her brood of twelve adopted children. Last year, as the bills piled up, expatriate Negro Singer **Josephine Baker**, 62, was forced to sell her chateau in the South of France to pay off at least some of the creditors. Even then, the still beautiful songbird refused to leave her nest, and by some maneuverings managed to hang on until December—at which point an old French law that prevents eviction in the cold winter months was invoked,

thus assuring her possession until mid-March. But the creditors keep clamoring, and last week most of the chateau's furnishings were sold at auction for \$53,000. Meanwhile, Josephine was making some money herself on a concert tour of Austria. "Buy back everything," she wryly wired her representative, "up to \$7,000."

Doctors at Kansas City's Research Hospital issued the bulletin and hastened to add that their patient's condition did not appear serious. Former President **Harry S. Truman** had been brought in at midnight, suffering from intestinal influenza. "His condition is satisfactory, and he is in no discomfort." Next day, he was even feeling chipper enough to get out of bed and read the newspaper. Truman, who has not gone to his office in the Truman Library for the past two years, still keeps up with things at his Independence home. Only the day before, he had worked on a special announcement: Chief Justice **Earl Warren** would become chairman of the board of the **Harry S. Truman International Center for the Advancement of Peace** in Jerusalem.

For a while, the family's new father was busy flying around the world tending his billions. Now, pressures seem to have eased, and there, enjoying a leisurely Sunday brunch at Manhattan's *Trader Vic's*, was a beaming **Aristotle Onassis**, with **Jackie** and **Son John**, who amused himself by sneaking swizzle sticks and loading up on fortune cookies. Afterward, the three took a brief stroll in the nippy air, Onassis, as always, shunning an overcoat and young John manfully emulating his stepfather.

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Signs of Moderation?

In scenes reminiscent of labor wars in the 1930s, the nation's campuses erupted in more violence last week. At Roosevelt University in Chicago, rebels invaded the president's office and ripped out telephones in a demonstration seeking amnesty for fellow rebels. Deputy sheriffs prevented seizure of the administration building at Eastern Michigan University by 200 students, cut chains off the doors and arrested twelve demonstrators. At Berkeley, 100 policemen clashed with thousands of demonstrators supporting a month-long strike for Third World Liberation Front demands. Pelted with rocks, bottles and fire bombs, the cops fought back with Chemical Mace, clubbed four strikers and arrested 24. While the University of California's regents met at the explosive Berkeley campus, Governor Ronald Reagan alerted National Guard units to stand by in nearby Alameda.

How long can the violence continue? According to the Educational Testing Service, a mere 2% of all students are wreckers who aim to "radicalize" the campuses even if some universities are destroyed in the process. Harvard's Dean Franklin Ford describes the varying degrees of militancy as a series of concentric circles; most students are mainly onlookers (see chart). Unfortunately, the torrent of spring-term disorders has clearly put dozens of campuses in double jeopardy. Repressive state legislators are on the war path; so are vigilante-minded conservative students. Unless



CHICAGO'S LEVI



BRANDEIS' ABRAM



COLUMBIA'S SOVERN

A commitment to save, not destroy.

moderates intervene, campus freedom and evolutionary reform may well be sacrificed to left and right extremists.

Patience and Restraint. Fortunately, amid all the highly publicized violence, signs of moderation are appearing. Last week the dangerous eleven-day strike at the University of Wisconsin, which pitted bayonet-wielding National Guard troops against students, was called off while faculty members considered various reforms. Toward the end, as few as 300 students continued the strike, compared with 7,000 strikers during the Guard's initial invasion. At Howard University in Washington, black law students quietly heeded a federal judge's order to end their lock-in, called to obtain more voice in administrative decisions. The student lawyers planned to go on boycotting classes, but not to flout the law they study.

Elsewhere, student bodies have already taken a second look at good-faith faculty efforts to make archaic universities more democratic, relevant and effective. On some campuses, skilled administrators have warded off outside interference by firmly dealing with radicals while simultaneously "co-opting" their saner demands. On other campuses, students in the middle have simply wearied of disruptions that constantly interrupt their costly education.

Items:
► Brandeis University's President Morris B. Abram applied patience and restraint during the eleven days that 65 black students occupied the school's communications center in January. Abram waited out the occupiers, meeting with them when they requested but refusing to yield on a crucial demand that they

control selection of the black studies department chairman. Because Abram shunned force, moderate students were never radicalized by police action and a strike supporting the occupation drew less than 10% of Brandeis's 2,600 students. "There was sympathy for the blacks," said Student Council President Eric Yoffie, "but there was also a commitment to maintain the university, not destroy it by physical force."

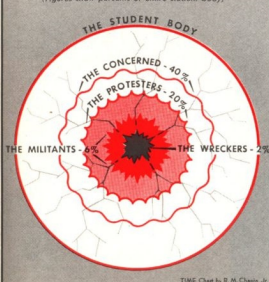
► University of Chicago President Edward Levi, in office only five months, adopted a similar policy of passive resistance when radical students occupied the administration building, protesting the school's refusal to rehire a sociology teacher because she was unproductive. Like Abram, Levi eschewed police help, simply continued university business outside the occupied building. As a result, less than a thousand of Chicago's 9,000 students supported the protest; after 16 days, the sit-in died. The administration then quietly suspended 80 students, summoned 50 more to appear before the university's disciplinary committee. Jeffrey Blum, a sit-in leader, freely admitted that Levi had won the day. "We lost because there just wasn't enough faculty and student support for us," he said. "Perhaps our movement was too radical for the campus at this time."

► Wilberforce University in Ohio pioneered a new approach to student demands by hiring an outside arbitrator to cope with a nine-day class boycott. After 13 days of negotiating with university and student representatives, Cornell Labor Law Professor Frederic Freilicher hammered out an agreement on 40 points. Freilicher noted that the students' "crisis of confidence" dissipated as administration positions were patiently explained at the table. As he sees it, the Wilberforce way of professional mediation and arbitration "could set a precedent for settling similar situations in schools across the country."

► Columbia University, scene of wild disorders last spring, will vote next month on an overdue plan to democ-

CIRCLES OF DISSENT

in troubled U.S. colleges and universities
(Figures show percents of entire student body)



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

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ratize the administration by joining students and long-loof professors in running the campus. The plan, designed by a faculty committee chaired by Law Professor Michael I. Sovern, would place 20 elected students in a 100-member senate that would govern the university. Implicitly aimed at mobilizing moderates, the plan will bar any senate member if less than 40% of his constituents voted in the election. "Unless the students participate," warns Sovern, "their role will atrophy." If the plan is approved, representative government—not violence—will become the legitimate way to influence Columbia.

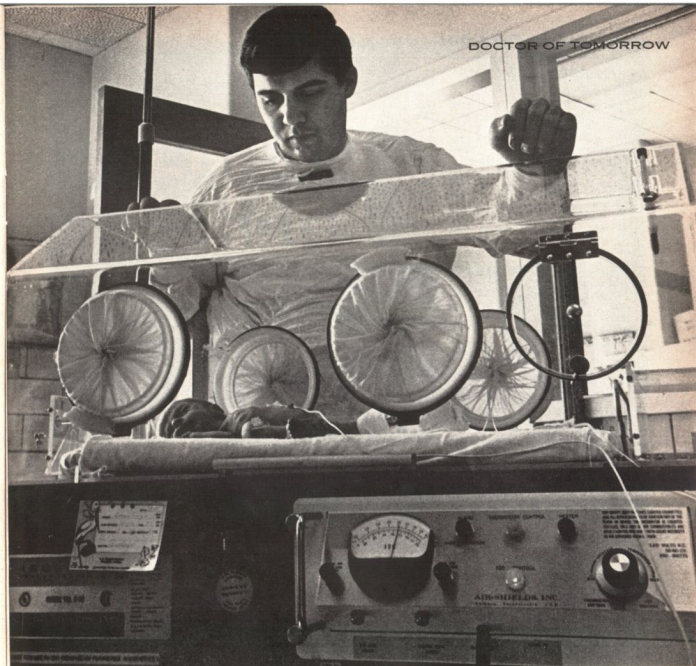
Notre Dame's president, the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, took a slightly different tack last week, stressing the need for responsible behavior, and decreeing immediate suspension and possible expulsion for recalcitrant rebels. Without stiff rules, he said, "the university is a sitting duck for any small group from the outside or inside that wishes to destroy it, to incapacitate it, to terrorize it at whim." No one wants the police on campus, Hesburgh added, "but if some necessitate it, as a last and dismal alternative to anarchy and mob tyranny, let them shoulder the blame instead of receiving the sympathy of a community they would hold at bay."

Rational Revolt. Harsh words—but they obviously appeal to those who yearn for what Philosopher Sidney Hook calls "militant moderation." Hook himself is touring the country, organizing faculty cells for "a revolt of the rationally committed." Toward that end, some moderate students have acquired a hero in S. I. Hayakawa, the doughty acting president of tumultuous San Francisco State College. At the University of North Carolina, Student Grainger R. Barrett has, in fact, started a group called the Hayakawa Society. Says he: "We think change on this campus should be brought about through established and legitimate processes."

The danger in all this antiradicalism, of course, is the boost it may give to a militant right. Zealous conservatives at Queens College in New York City, for instance, recently sacked the office of a newspaper that has consistently supported the position of disruptive Negro and Puerto Rican students. Similar mindless violence seems imminent elsewhere. Worse, at least twelve states are now considering laws cutting off state aid to campus demonstrators who cause physical or property damage. The result might well threaten free speech, to say nothing of penalizing the poor without touching the rich, who may be equally guilty.

Such laws can only stimulate more radicalism followed by more reaction. Instead, the best solution is a lively coalition of liberals who shun revolution and conservatives who shun repression to provide firm leadership, promote sound reforms and purge the campus wreckers. Though it may take time, the odds are that just such a coalition will ultimately emerge.

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MODERN LIVING

MANNERS AND MORALS

The Groupies

Stage-door Janies have always been more demonstrative than stage-door Johnnies. Juvenal railed bitterly against flirtatious Roman ladies in whose eyes any gladiator, however ugly, was "transformed into a Hyacinthus." No Ziegfeld girl ever inspired a male reaction remotely comparable to the mass hysteria of Sinatra's swooners in the 1940s or Elvis Presley's frantic fanatics in the 1950s. Such adulatory demonstrations were mild, however, compared with those of a new and even more liberated breed of female hero-worshippers. They are the "groupies." Their heroes are rock musicians—and their worship knows no bounds.

Frank Zappa, leader of a well-known rock group that calls itself the Mothers of Invention, defines a groupie simply as "a girl who goes to bed with members of rock-and-roll bands." Zappa, a 28-year-old musician with a sociological bent, notes: "Every trade has its groupies. Some chicks dig truck drivers. Some go for men in uniform—the early camp followers. Ours go for rock musicians."

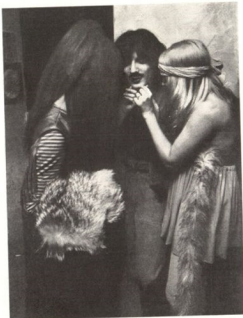
And quite frequently get them. The basic distinction between yesterday's hysterical fans and today's groupies is that the groupies—also known as "rock geishas"—usually manage to fulfill their erotic fantasies. Says Anna (few groupies use last names, perhaps out of kindness to their families), a pretty, 25-year-old San Franciscan: "A girl is a groupie only if she has numerous relationships. A groupie will maybe sleep with three people all in one night from one group—from the equipment man to whoever is the most important."

Class Strata. Though everyone on the rock scene is aware of the groupie phenomenon, it is next to impossible to know how many there are—mainly because rock stars, like most young men, tend to brag about their conquests. They come, says Zappa, "from any home that has contact with rock and roll and with radio and records. That's everybody." Zappa contends that there are thousands of them, ranging in age all the way from 50 ("Although they have to look damned good at that age to get any action") down to ten.

Their appeal is obvious. Says "the Bear," a 280-lb. singer and harmonica player for a Los Angeles group called the Canned Heat: "I've got an old lady now, so I don't mess around when I'm in L.A. But when I'm on the road, it's different. I mean, here are these chicks pattering around the hotel corridors after you, and it's great." Some musicians, however, profess to find them a nuisance. Mothers Manager Dick Barber complains that groupies are in such ready supply that it is "pretty hard" to get rock bands to morning practices or recording sessions, "and sometimes hard

to get them on the bandstand at night." Josephine Mori, public relations girl for a rock record company called Elektra, calls groupies "piranhas" and says: "They have no appreciation of the person they go to bed with." Marty Pichinson, a drummer with a rock band known as the Revelles, disputes that description—but he sometimes does find groupies too much of a good thing. "Going to bed with a girl is nice," he says. "But sometimes you just want to have a pillow fight with the guys."

Although sexual promiscuity is its membership fee, the groupie subculture has its own curious moral code. It has



MUSICIAN & FRIENDS
Worshipping at the rock.

even developed class strata of sorts. At the bottom are such aberrant types as "the Plaster Casters," a pair of young Chicago fetishists who, as their name implies, have a peculiar hobby. They make plaster casts of rock stars' anatomies—certain parts of their anatomies, that is. Only slightly higher on the social scale are the "kiss and tell" groupies, who collect and trade the names of their conquests—often falsely.

Crash Course. The great groupie middle class is composed of the "gate crashers." Organized and persistent, they scour the newspapers for notice of a rock group's arrival in their city, then post lookouts at transportation terminals and hotels. When they have their quarry pinned down, they move in—dolled up in wild outfits and weird hairdos, hoping desperately to attract attention and earn an invitation inside. If that fails, they resort to more direct tactics: offering performers dope in exchange for their favors or bribing security guards to smuggle them into stars' hotel rooms.

Harlan Ellison, a California freelance writer, recalls a harrowing night in San Diego three years ago when he was touring with the Rolling Stones. Spotting a young groupie crawling along the ledge outside his second-floor hotel room, he opened a sliding glass door to let her in, but she slipped, fell into the ocean—breaking her wrist—and had to be fished out by the Coast Guard. Ellison had barely recovered from that fright when another girl walked through his door and asked him if he was a friend of the Stones. When he said yes, she stripped and flopped onto his bed.

Super Status. Such crass approaches are unnecessary for the *grandes dames* of groupie society, the Super Groupies. Beautiful, usually intelligent, often well-heeled, they are welcome—in fact, sought-after—company. "They live the life that every other so-called groupie aspires to—spending this week with one top group, next week with another, maybe traveling to London or Jamaica," says Steve Paul, owner of The Scene, a Manhattan rock club. Paul estimates that "no more than ten" groupies actually qualify for super status.

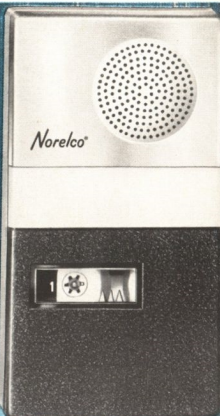
Like the women who gravitated to the 19th century British Romantic poets, they are artistic as well as physical help-meets. Songs are written for them and about them; they act as critics and even co-composers. "It's all one big ego trip," gushes Super Groupie Cleo, a strawberry-blond 18-year-old New Yorker who is a look-alike for Jane Fonda. Undisputed queen of the class at the moment is a young Manhattanite whose carefully acquired talent as a photographer has gained her entrée to several top rock bands.

For every such success story, groupie life has presented scores of tragedies—made worse by the preoccupation with sex and dope that is integral to rock culture. Typical enough is the bitter story of a Manhattan waitress: "I'm 33, and I've made it with all the early biggies, and more. You know what I've got to show for it? Three kids from three different guys—which three, I'm not sure. I've gone the dope route, been busted twice, and taken the cure at Lexington, Ky."

Most groupies may be luckier. But it still is no easy life—and it now is becoming even more complicated because of the rise of a formidable counterforce, known as "the Super Fans" and evangelically dedicated to keeping rock musicians out of the groupies' passionate clutches. Super Fans have been known to raid a performer's hotel room in search of groupies to eject. "It's a vocation," explains one, "like being a nun." The problem is that her protective efforts on behalf of her heroes do not often seem to be appreciated.

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Searching for Heroes

Probably the best-known Wagnerian tenor of the century, Danish-born Lauritz Melchior, retired from the opera stage 19 years ago. Since then, he observes accurately enough, "there has been no one to replace me." One reason is that his major roles require a *Heldentenor* (heroic tenor), that rare breed of singer with the stature of a Valhalla deity, the projection of a diesel horn and the stamina of a Channel swimmer.

Heldentenenors are made, not born. They are usually high baritones who take time off in their late 20s or 30s to acquire a tenor's range and build up their voice. But careers move so fast nowadays that few singers can afford to interrupt them. The result, says Melchior, is that "the breed has practically vanished." Most of the tenors who attempt these heroic roles are a bit *jugendlich* (youthful-sounding). Meantime, great dramatic sopranos like Birgit Nilsson are Isolde in search of Tristans, and some of Wagner's finest music is scantied in the repertory.

Melchior, now 78, has been doing his part by scouring the ranks of young singers for potential *Heldentenor* material. He formed his own *Heldentenor* Foundation five years ago, and by this year had raised enough money to offer some deserving prospect a year of subsidized study and practice. Last week, at Manhattan's Juilliard School, he auditioned nine candidates from among 50 applicants around the country. The judges included Singers Nilsson and Alexander Kipnis and Juilliard President Peter Mennin. They picked not one but two winners, each of whom proved in extreme ways Melchior's dictum that no two *Heldentenenors* are alike.

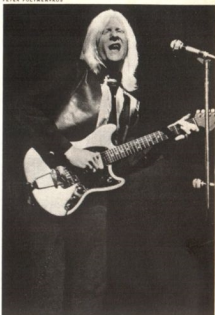
John Russell, 36, has never sung a role with a professional opera company,

and only learned about the audition four days ahead of time. As a Negro, he is an unlikely looking Wagnerian hero. The father of six children (soon there will be seven), Russell makes his living as a research chemist for the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Philadelphia. Until he started lessons at Philadelphia's Settlement Music School at the age of 26, he had done most of his singing in church choirs and shower stalls. Instead of a Wagnerian selection, he sang an aria from Verdi's *Otello*, impressing the judges with his brooding intensity and naturally rich, dark-timbered voice. A good thing, too, because Otello "is the only role I really know."

Helden Chest. The other winner, William Cochran, 25, was almost barred from the audition as too young. A huge, 250-lb. former weight lifter and lineman on the Wesleyan University football team, Cochran once wanted to become a minister. But singing in the Wesleyan Glee Club eventually diverted him to Philadelphia's Curtis Institute. Already a veteran of concert engagements and small roles at the Metropolitan Opera, his selections from *Lohengrin* and *Walküre* displayed massive power and a brilliantly glossy upper register. Every day, Cochran runs a mile and works out to preserve such *Heldentenor* traits as his 52-in. chest. "My ambition," he says, "is to be able to keep on singing until I'm 80."

Both singers will probably end up in Germany next season. Cochran has offers from the Stuttgart and Munich operas, and Russell wants to learn the language while developing his technique in a Wagnerian atmosphere. Meantime, Melchior took them both in tow after the audition for a basic introduction to the *Heldentenor* regimen: a trip to a Danish restaurant in Manhattan for smorgasbord, aquavit and beer in truly heroic quantities.

PETER POLYMEROS



WINTER AT FILLMORE EAST
Voltage from the gut.

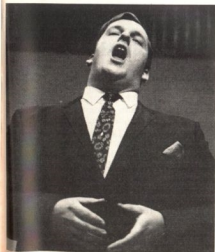
Chicken-Soup Freak

Shades of Tiny Tim! The hottest recording discovery in the land these days is a tall, skinny, cross-eyed albino blues guitarist with limp, shoulder-length cotton white hair. He may look like a hippie Ichabod Crane, but Johnny Winter, 25, is something else. Columbia Records has just signed him to a contract that could pay him \$600,000 over the next five years, and concert managers have already begun to book him for as much as \$7,500 a night. Yet three months ago, Johnny was bouncing from one dingy Texas joint to another for maybe \$50 in a lean week.

Wow. Or, as Johnny himself puts it: "How can it be?" The answer is partly that blues are big these days, partly that Johnny Winter is the swingiest, funkier new white blues singer to come out of the South in years. His electric guitar crackles with a kind of voltage that can only come from the gut, not an AC outlet. His singing ranges from a harsh, staccato yell to a high soprano wail. Many of his songs are his own—improvised on the spot, or written down the night before. Like Leland, *Mississippi Blues*, which he sang to a crowd of shouting enthusiasts recently at Manhattan's Fillmore East:

When I was young, man, you know,
and free from harm,
You know I would sit right there,
people, on my daddy's cotton farm.
Giant ass woman, you're just
wasting time,
You can't never keep me 'cause I
have a rambling mind.

Primitive Concept. Johnny's blues lyrics are not the most skillful ever written, but that doesn't matter to him. "The blues really isn't that worked out



COCHRAN

Stature of a deity, projection of a diesel horn, stamina of a Channel swimmer.



RUSSELL

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February 20, 1969

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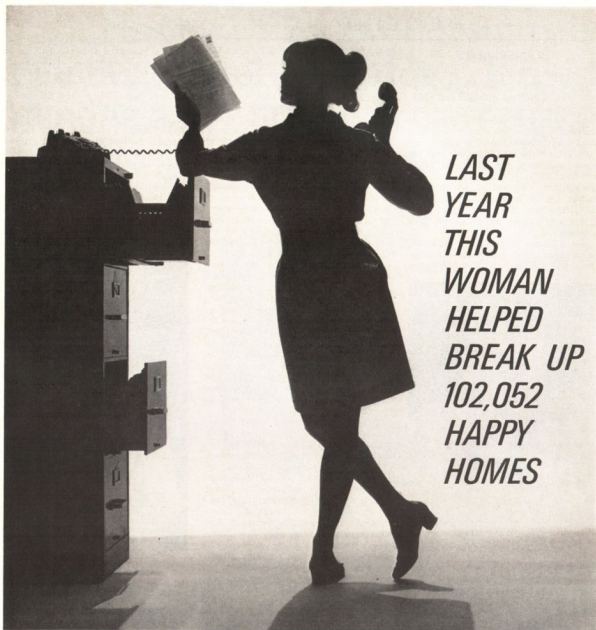
February 19, 1969

or put together," he says. "It's emotional. It's what you feel at the time." What Johnny feels at the time is likely to be a kind of sliding, "bottleneck" guitar playing in the classic twelve-bar blues pattern or keening "harp" (harmonica) stylings imitative of Little Walter. "When I'm playing without a band, I don't change chords when I'm supposed to—I change chords when I feel like it. That's a primitive concept, but if it feels good and sounds good to me, then I'll play it."

The blues began feeling good to Johnny at the age of eleven, when he first heard the records of Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf and Lightnin' Hopkins on the radio down home in Beaumont, Texas. He began playing along on a hand-me-down guitar from his grandfather. Three years later, Johnny, 14, and Brother Edgar, 11, had their own band, Johnny and the Jammers. They made \$8 a night for gigs across the border in Louisiana, where clubs were more lenient about age requirements. Edgar recalls that though Johnny only took enough lessons to pick up a few chords, he would practice four to six hours a day. "Johnny always said he was great," says Edgar. "He just wanted other people to know it too."

Living Is Trouble. To play the blues, Johnny had to go to the black clubs. "In those days, I didn't get any resentment because I was white," he says. "They knew I wasn't putting on and that I loved the music and I could play it as good as they could. It was great." Today, he is puzzled by the notion that only Negroes have suffered enough to sing the blues. "I've had trouble too, and everybody has trouble. Just living is a different kind of trouble." Living for Johnny meant dealing with a minority problem of his own: "Being an albino is hard, and when you're younger, it's a lot harder. When they said 'Hey, Whitey,' it was just like calling someone a nigger. They called me anything—fag, queer, freak."

In the world of rock, where a distinguishing trait of any kind is the ultimate asset, Johnny Winter is a "chicken-soup freak" of the first order. Explains Steve Paul, 27, owner of a Manhattan nightclub called The Scene, and now his manager: "Johnny is a freak in the sense of being a unique individual, and chicken soup in the sense that he is a human being and nice as well." Last November Paul read about Johnny in an underground newspaper, dashed down to see him, brought him back to The Scene, then watched him knock 'em dead at the Fillmore East. Immediately, the word about Johnny began to spread through the pop underground, and four major record companies began bidding for his services. Columbia won, and Johnny's quick climb to fame was done. Pretty good for a guy who had doubts about coming to New York City in the first place. Recalls Johnny: "But I figured why not? It's a free plane trip."



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MEDICINE

TRANSPLANTS

A Lung and a Larynx

Although the transplanting of a human heart is the most dramatic feat of today's surgery, it is not the most difficult. From the technical standpoint, implantation of a new lung is more delicate and complex. And it carries an even greater risk of failure because the basic function of the lung is to inhale air from outside the body, thus exposing it to infection by airborne microbes. Of ten human-lung transplants previously reported, most have failed within a few days, and all in less than a month.

Good Tissue Match. Last week surgeons were astonished to learn that in the grimy Belgian city of Ghent (pop.



SURGEON KLUYKENS
To give a man a voice.

235,000), a lung transplant had been performed in utmost secrecy more than three months ago and the recipient was still doing well. Alois Vereecken, 23, a metalworker, received the lung from an unidentified donor on Nov. 14 at the hands of a five-man surgery team headed by Professor Fritz Derom. Patient Vereecken had developed severe silicosis in both lungs.

Vereecken has remained in a sterile isolation room at Ghent University Clinic, where for weeks he has been reading, watching TV and doing some wicker work. What is most striking, considering the radical nature of his operation, is that he has been able to get up and walk around his room. His most serious recent complaint has been stomach distress brought on by the heavy doses of drugs that he must take to suppress the immune mechanism by which his system might try to reject the graft. Derom ascribes the long survival of the graft to the unusually good match between the tissue and cell types of the

donor and recipient, as well as to Vereecken's youth and will to live.

The lung transplant was disclosed almost incidentally during a buzz of excitement over another Ghent operation, believed to be the world's first transplant of a larynx. Jean-Baptiste Borremans, 62, a rural policeman, had been complaining for a year of discomfort in his throat, and he became progressively more gravel-voiced. While he was under observation at the University Clinic, says Mme. Borremans, "the doctors decided to operate, but there was no question of a transplant. It was the morning after the operation when I went with our two grown children to see him that I was told Jean had had the transplant."

The larynx, protected by the Adam's apple, is an organ with three important functions. The valve-like flap at its top, the epiglottis, must close when anything is being swallowed, to keep food or drink from going into the larynx or down the windpipe. With the valve open, the larynx is part of the airway to the lungs. Within it are two folds, the vocal cords, which vibrate when air is exhaled. The vibration of the cords generates the basic sound that is modified by various mouth structures to produce speech.

Burp Speech. Normal speech is impossible without a larynx, but thousands of patients who have had their larynxes removed because of cancer learn to speak by swallowing air and expelling it while they vibrate their gullet muscles. In this esophageal or "burp" speech, the esophagus (gullet) substitutes for the windpipe. Although the Ghent surgery team headed by Professor Paul Kluykens would say only that Borremans' larynx had to be removed, his complaint was almost certainly cancer. Knowing that many laryngectomy patients fail to learn esophageal speech, Kluykens decided that a new larynx would offer Borremans a great advantage. If the transplant took, he should be able to speak almost normally, although in a monotone.

The larynx, also from an unnamed donor, was transplanted in a four-hour operation. To what extent Kluykens tried to attach the recipient's laryngeal nerves to those in the graft, or to what extent he succeeded, was unclear. On this depends the ability of the larynx to function more or less like Borremans' own. Last week one of his doctors described Borremans' breathing as perfect, and added: "His voice already exists." He was still being fed artificially.

Some U.S. physicians questioned whether the larynx transplant was ethical. It exposed Borremans to additional surgical hazards, not to mention the perils of immunosuppressive drugs. All that was necessary, in their view, was a simple laryngectomy.

Six from One

The 57-year-old New Yorker in Manhattan's Memorial Hospital had an incurable and inoperable brain cancer. After he lapsed into a month-long coma and his brothers knew that he was dying, they decided to let the hospital remove as many organs as possible for transplants in the hope of prolonging life for others. Last week, when the unidentified patient died, a huge surgical complex, which had been on standby alert for a week, moved into swift and multiple action.

Memorial's medical director, Dr. Edward Beattie, called on New York Hospital's surgeon-in-chief, Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, to send for the organs that his staff could use. While the body was perfused with oxygenated blood to ward



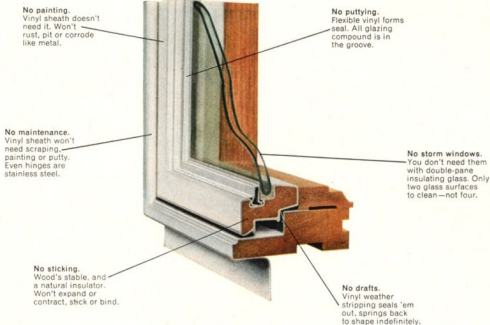
CAROLINE VARNEY

In the hope of life for others.

off tissue degeneration, Lillehei's assistants removed the eyes for fresh-cornea transplants, both kidneys and the heart, and rushed them by underground tunnels to waiting surgery teams. Within a few hours, the Lillehei group had transplanted the heart (into a 36-year-old man), both kidneys and one cornea—the second cornea a day later.

Within Memorial, surgeons removed the donor's liver and the enormously enlarged, cancerous liver of Caroline Varney, 27, a bride of six months. This transplant took far longer than the heart. Not only are the liver's anatomical connections more difficult, but Mrs. Varney's diseased liver presented special problems. At week's end, all four recipients of organs from this six-way surgical achievement seemed to be doing well. The Varney family, like the donor's brothers, hoped that the achievement would encourage others to arrange similar multiple donations.

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T-29

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the presence of mind to pump the brakes when every instinct says to jam them on as hard as they'll go? Or the delicate touch necessary to do it without losing stopping distance?

The panic-proof foot

The engineers invented a braking system that panic-proofs your foot. It automatically pumps the rear brakes—more precisely than the most experienced driver could.

An electronic sensor feels when a rear wheel is about to lock and skid. It tells the brake to relax just enough for the wheel to turn a bit and regain directional control. Then it tells the brake to reapply itself.

This automatic brake pumping is incredibly efficient. It stops a car in less distance than conventional brakes in almost any circumstance. It can even stop a car on ice without letting it get out of control.

Weight-watching valve

While solving one problem, the engineers met another: a weight problem. Brakes designed to stop a heavily loaded car are too powerful when the car is lightly loaded. Oversized brakes can throw your car out of control, even on dry pavement, if you brake too hard.

The solution to this problem was found in Europe. It's a compact valve that senses the car's weight and adjusts the amount of braking accordingly. If you fill your station wagon to capacity, the valve lets you use full brake power. If you're running light, it gives you only as much braking as you need.

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SCIENCE

OCEANOGRAPHY

Death in the Depths

While Apollo 9 astronauts were preparing for outer space, two crews of U.S. aquanauts began new missions to determine how well man can exist in inner space—the underwater depths.

Near San Clemente Island off the California coast, the Navy's trouble-plagued "yellow submarine," Sealab 3, was lowered 610 ft. to the floor of the continental shelf. Then instruments indicated a helium leak in the still-unoccupied deep-sea habitat, and Aquanaut Berry L. Cannon, 33, and two companions were sent below to make repairs. They descended to the 610-ft. level in a pressurized personnel transfer capsule (PTC) and were opening a hatch to enter Sealab when Navy officers watching a TV monitor on the surface saw Cannon begin to thrash about. "I saw his body jackknifing, making a rapid motion," says Captain George Bond, Sealab's chief medical officer. "Any time you see rapid motion in a diver, you know he's in trouble." Cannon died before he could be brought to the surface.

Series of Leaks. Late in the week a Navy investigation revealed that "one of the diving rigs in use by Sealab divers was equipped with an empty Baralyme canister." Without the Baralyme, which absorbs carbon dioxide exhaled by the diver, the gas builds up in the system and can eventually cause suffocation. "This could explain the tragic event," said a Navy spokesman, and indeed, an autopsy revealed "a greatly excessive" amount of carbon dioxide in Cannon's blood. Navy officials ordered a halt to all diving. Sealab 3, still leak-

ing helium, was brought to the surface and lifted onto a barge to be taken ashore and repaired.

The tragedy marked still another lengthy setback for the Sealab project, which is already about two years behind schedule. Designed to help man learn the techniques and develop the equipment that will enable him to live and work for long periods under the sea, the project has been beset by delays. First there was a steel strike; then some of the steel that was delivered turned unexpectedly brittle at low temperatures. Redesign of the oxygen system was called for after the fatal Apollo fire, and that was followed by a series of seawater and helium leaks. At week's end no one would predict how long it will be until Sealab is again judged seaworthy.

A few days after other aquanauts set up housekeeping aboard Tektite, a second undersea habitat that had been lowered into Lameshur Bay at St. John, V.I., one of four fire extinguishers began to leak carbon dioxide into the cabin. It was quickly placed outside. The following day, the unit that had detected the carbon dioxide ceased to function. But Tektite technicians began hourly atmosphere checks to ensure the safety of the aquanauts and expressed confidence that their mission would continue successfully for its scheduled two-month duration. If everything goes according to plan, the aquanauts hope to complete underwater biological and geological studies, learn more about diving and sonar techniques and supply medical and behavioral data that will help scientists plan the longer manned space flights of the future.

SPACE

Apollo's Unsung Hero

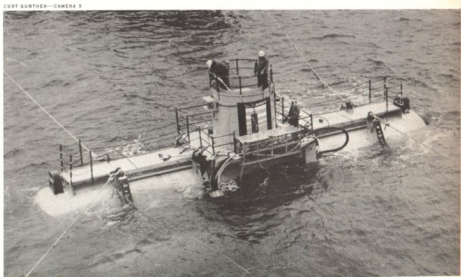
When U.S. astronauts finally reach the surface of the moon, they will land in an ungainly-looking little craft that is officially named the Lunar Module (LM) but is becoming known as "the Spider." Scheduled to be tested in manned flight for the first time next week during the flight of Apollo 9, the Spider is the homely offspring of a concept of Aeronautical Engineer John Houbolt, an unsung hero of the U.S. space program. NASA officials now agree that without Houbolt's lonely campaign early in the 1960s, the U.S. would have been hard pressed to meet John Kennedy's goal of landing men on the moon before 1970.

Even before Kennedy set that goal, NASA scientists, aerospace companies and independent research laboratories were locked in an often bitter debate over the most practical method of making a manned lunar landing. Top NASA officials, most of them trained in airplane development, had generally sided with a direct approach. They wanted a craft that could take off from earth, fly to a lunar landing and return to the earth.

Monster Rocket. Werner von Braun, director of the NASA facilities at Huntsville, Ala., favored an earth-orbital rendezvous technique; two or more rockets would be used separately to launch a spacecraft and fuel-carrying stages into earth orbit, where they would be assembled for a flight to the moon. Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which is most concerned with unmanned space shots, proposed that extra fuel and supplies be rocketed to the surface of the moon and then be brought together into a supply depot by a remote-



AQUANAUT CANNON



SEALAB 3 ON SURFACE

More woes for the yellow submarine.

controlled tractor. The astronauts would land near by.

All of the proposals presented nearly insuperable difficulties. For direct ascent from earth to moon, a giant, 12-million-lb.-thrust rocket would be needed—and there were strong doubts that such a monster could be designed, built and tested before the end of the decade. For Von Braun's earth-orbital scheme, a minimum of two expensive Saturn 5 launches would be needed. Both plans called for the expenditure of as much as 100,000 lbs. of fuel merely to settle a spacecraft from 80 ft. to 100 ft. tall gently on the lunar surface. The JPL idea, while permitting the design of a smaller landing craft, would have required several separate launches and had the added risk that astronauts might be stranded on the moon if they landed too far from their previously launched supplies.

While the various factions wrangled, Engineer Houbolt, whose work at NASA's Langley Research Center was not directly connected with space flight, was impressed by still another moon-landing technique: the lunar-orbit rendezvous. Houbolt's plan was to leave the mother craft in orbit around the moon while a light, ferrylike craft descended from it to the lunar surface carrying only one or two of the astronauts. Later, the little craft could blast off, rendezvous and dock with the mother ship, and then be left behind in lunar orbit as the astronauts returned to earth.

Houbolt argued that the concept would save an immense amount of fuel. Because the lunar lander would not need a heavy heat shield for a return through the earth's atmosphere and would not have to carry additional equipment and supplies for the long trip to and from the moon, it could be tens of thousands of pounds lighter than other lunar landing vehicles. The weight reduction would be great enough, he calculated, for the entire mission to be launched by one Saturn 5-type rocket.

Dour Rejection. Sure that he had the answer, Houbolt attended meetings of NASA's moon-shot planning group to promote the lunar-orbit-rendezvous (LOR) scheme. His reception was cool. "Your figures lie," shouted one excitable member of the group. "I don't believe a word of it." Werner von Braun, present at the same meeting, dourly shook his head at Houbolt's proposal and said, "No, that's no good." Recalls Christopher Kraft, director of NASA's manned-flight operations: "When some people first heard of Houbolt's idea, they thought he was nuts."

Convinced that he was right, Houbolt went over the heads of the planning group by writing letters to Robert Seamans, then NASA Associate Administrator (and now Secretary of the Air Force). One of them began: "Somewhat as a voice in the wilderness . . ." It went on to plead, "Give us the go-ahead and we will put men on the moon in very short order." Gradually,



HOBOLT & MODEL
Columbus had some help too.

as the difficulties with alternate plans became evident, Seamans and others began to realize the virtues of Houbolt's scheme.

Embarrassed Silence. One of the hardest to convince was Werner von Braun. But when he was finally converted to the lunar-orbit-rendezvous technique, he became a formidable advocate. During a visit to Huntsville, President Kennedy stood in embarrassed silence while Von Braun argued heatedly with Presidential Science Adviser Jerome Wiesner, the last important hold-out against LOR. Pressed for a final decision, Kennedy overruled Wiesner in October 1962 and gave NASA permission to proceed with the design and construction of a lunar module.

Last week, as they prepared for the forthcoming Apollo 9 mission, officials in Houston paid tribute to Houbolt, who quit NASA in 1963 and now works for an aeronautical-research firm in Princeton, N.J. "I just thank my lucky stars that guys like Houbolt came along," said Caldwell Johnson, chief of the manned-spacecraft-design office. "I suppose that Columbus had some help too."

RESEARCH

A Policy of Protest

MARCH 4 IS A MOVEMENT,
NOT A DAY

In an era of inflammatory campus slogans, the message on the red-and-white buttons being passed out at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last week seemed mild enough. Yet it symbolized the emergence of what may well be the most specialized protest group in the academic world today: university scientists and engineers.

The M.I.T. protesters are calling on their own colleagues and on scientists and engineers all over the U.S. to forgo their normal research activities on March 4 and to spend the day dis-

cussing their concern about Government "overemphasis" on scientific weapons research. "Misuse of scientific and technical knowledge presents a major threat to the existence of mankind," 48 professors state in a document distributed at M.I.T. and on dozens of other campuses. "Through its actions in Viet Nam, our Government has shaken our confidence in its ability to make wise and humane decisions."

Concerted Action. Like many other scientists, the 48 professors and dozens of graduate students backing the March 4 movement at M.I.T. are most incensed about plans for an anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system, which they call "ill-advised and hazardous." They are also opposed to the development of chemical and biological weapons and the enlargement of the nuclear stockpile. Instead, they suggest that scientific research should be turned increasingly toward solving the nation's environmental and social problems. As the first step toward bringing about such a change in U.S. scientific policy, they call upon scientists "to unite for concerted action."

No one is certain what form that action could take, but scientists at as many as 30 universities have scheduled March seminars and meetings to investigate the possibilities. Many of them, however, have rejected the idea of accompanying research stoppages. Yale University scientists will sponsor two panel discussions as part of a program called "The Scientist and Society: a day of reflection." Faculty members at the University of Minnesota are drawing up a statement opposing the ABM system for presentation at their meeting, which may also be addressed by Minnesota Congressman Donald Fraser. Physicist Edward Condon, his flying saucer investigation completed, is heading a University of Colorado seminar. "I have no idea what will come of it other than blowing off steam," he says frankly, "but I do expect more because feelings have become quite active." At M.I.T., March 4 speakers will include South Dakota Senator George McGovern and Nobel Laureates Hans Bethe (physics) and George Wald (medicine).

Argonne "Work-In." Planners of the March 4 movement anticipate opposition from the scientific community. Indeed, it has already materialized. A dissenting group of M.I.T. professors who support the discussions has signed a statement condemning any work stoppage, which they say "misrepresents the spirit and character of research in a free academic community. Research is not something to be turned on or off like a faucet; it is a matter of continuing involvement."

Some have gone even further. Concerned that the public might get the wrong impression, more than 50 scientists at the Argonne National Laboratory have decided to demonstrate their feelings about the "ridiculous" research stoppage. On March 4, they will stage a "work-in," conducting research for a full, 16-hour day.

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BEHAVIOR

CITIES

Passive Protesters

*On the Bowery, the Bowery
I'll never go there any more.*

—Old Song

Other nations have alcoholics, but Skid Row—urban colonies of alienated men—is strictly an American institution.* It was the first serious U.S. welfare problem and, in a way, one of its first social-protest movements; at least as much as the hippies, Skid Row in-

clines another 5%—a rate that would reduce it to virtually nothing by the end of the century.

Other cities reflect the same trend. In a recent study of Skid Rows in 28 major American metropolises, conducted by Sociologist Donald J. Bogue of the University of Chicago, all but four reported a population decline. For the first time in the experience of Chicago, which boasts—or at least counts—three Skid Rows, there are empty rooms now in the neighborhoods' overnight hotels. Ronald C. VanderKooi of the University of Illinois predicts that Skid Row, if left alone, will probably die out.

Before that happens, however, sociologists are busily examining both the phenomenon of Skid Row and its social meaning. In New York City, a three-year survey, financed by the National Institute of Mental Health and manned by Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research, has dramatically revised the stereotyped image of the man on Skid Row.

Hermetic Shelter. To begin with, he is not typically an alcoholic. Of the Bowery's population, only one-third qualify as heavy drinkers—a category embracing but not restricted to the alcoholic—while another third are moderate drinkers. The rest either drink sparingly or not at all. Even in Skid Row's inverted social hierarchy—the farther they fall, the bigger they are—the alcoholic is something of a social outcast, scorned and rejected by Skid Row's characteristic drinking fraternity, the bottle gang.

To Brandeis University Sociologist Samuel E. Wallace, who helped organize the most recent Bowery research program, "the fact that Skid Rowers share both money and drink is perhaps the most conclusive proof that most of them are not alcoholics; alcoholics would find it exceedingly difficult to exercise the control dictated by group drinking." The New York study also revealed that Skid Row is not the end of the road in the usual despairing sense. Its residents do not fall there, but actively seek it out because it has what they want: odd jobs without purpose or future, a community that is permissive to the point of indifference, hermetic shelter from the incessant demands of the larger society. "The Skid Rower does nothing," says Wallace. "He just is. He is everything that all the rest of us try not to be."

The inhabitants of Skid Row have been type-cast by police and rescue missions as dirty, diseased, indolent, inquisitive and unreclaimable men. In fact, they deserve only a part of this broadside indictment. The Skid Rower's prin-

cipal crime against the prevailing values of U.S. society is his stubborn refusal to accept them. On the Bowery, investigators found that 55% of the inhabitants had never married, one-third had never voted, two-thirds claimed no close friend either on or off Skid Row. One in four, asked where he expected to be a year hence, predicted that he might be dead.

Adaptation. The Skid Rower's steady collision with the law—mostly involving repeated arrests for drunkenness or vagrancy—is misleading. He is peaceful to the point of passivity. Most of Skid Row's crime statistics are due either to zealous police sweeping public drunks off the pavement, or to "hawks"—the area's name for predators who come in from the outside, frequently to relieve a drunkard of his freshly cashed welfare check. His lengthy arrest record, says Sociologist Wallace, can actually be construed as "a fairly stable adaptation [to] a society that is willing to support him under specified conditions."

Changing economics of urban life have doomed these passive protesters. In a time of full employment and of increased welfare benefits at every government level, it is no longer so necessary for psychological dropouts to take up the Skid Row life. "Skid Rowers don't last long," says Chicago's VanderKooi. "The community has to recruit to survive. Yet only the West Coast Skids seem to be attracting any younger men—drawn, in part, by the area's hospitable climate and by the availability of harvest-time jobs." The median age of Bowery residents today is 67. As the old men die off, they are not being replaced.

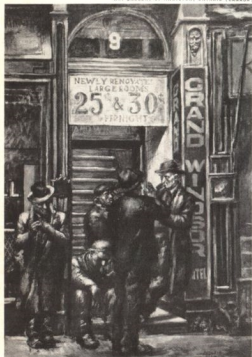
Few, if any, of Skid Row's inhabitants thought of themselves as protesters in any formal way; probably most accepted society's verdict on them as tired, aimless drifters. Yet implicitly they did protest—and reject—the prevailing values of a work-oriented middle-class society. Their unstated message concerned failure; their own, and that of society, which failed to heed the gentle rebuke of the Skid Rower's isolation. Today's dropouts, however, are activists, whose purpose is not to shun the Establishment but to challenge and change it. The men on Skid Row would never understand that: all they ever asked of the Establishment was to be left alone.

CRIME

Diary of a Vandalized Car

At 3:15 on a recent Friday afternoon, a 1959 green Oldsmobile was parked alongside the curb in a middle-class residential neighborhood of New York City. Two men got out, removed the license plates, and opened the hood slightly to make the car look as if it had been stolen or left alone while its owner went for help. Then they withdrew to a nearby window, where—unseen—they could watch what was to happen.

Vice squad cops bent on entrapment?

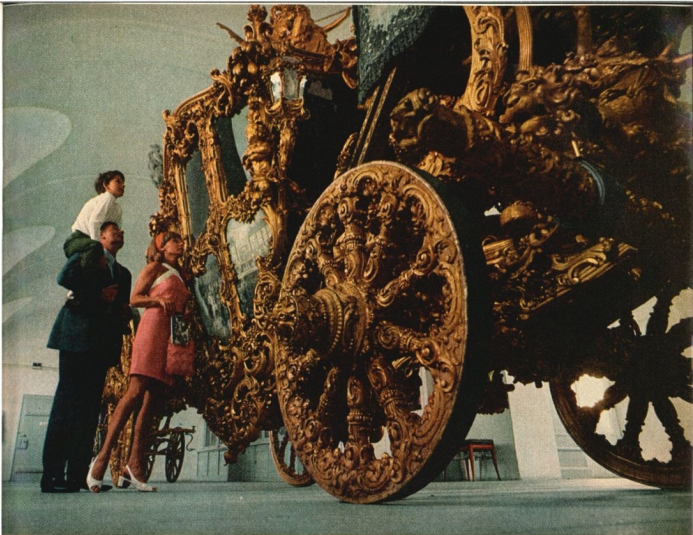


REGINALD MARSH'S "GRAND WINDSOR HOTEL" (1939)
Revisions in the stereotyped image.

habitants are dropouts from a society whose values they reject.

Today, however, progress and urban renewal have doomed this curious form of nonsociety to extinction. From a Depression-era high of more than 1,000,000, the national census of rootless men (and women) has dropped to a scant 100,000, most of them over 50. On the Bowery, a squalid mile-long stretch on Manhattan's Lower East Side bordered by wine dispensaries, flop houses and rescue missions, annual head counts of the residents have disclosed a steady attrition. Between 1949 and 1967, the population of the Bowery fell from 13,675 to 4,851. Every year the population de-

* The term is a tribute to Seattle's Yesler Way. Down this steep slope, in the old logging days, slithered the cut logs on their way to Puget Sound. The lumberjacks themselves, living and bawling in work shacks on either side of Yesler Way, called their community "Skid Row."



State Coach of Ludwig II, Marstallmuseum, Munich

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(why stoop to others?)

Almost everybody's wagon now has a two-way tailgate.

And that's nice. But . . .

Not everybody fixed their roofs.

You see, if you don't cut back on the roof line and then curve the rear end, you've still got grief getting in and out.

You can't stand up straight, without getting a knock in the noggin.

So you still have to stoop in. And stoop out.

Chevrolet wagons aren't like that. We've fixed the roof.

A step up. A step in. And you

3-Seat Kingswood Estate Wagon can sit right down, naturally. Our thoughtful built-in bumper step helps, too.

Saves a lot of monkey business, that's for sure.



Putting you first, keeps us first.

See Olympic Gold Medalist Jean-Claude Killy, weekly, CBS-TV. Check your local TV listings.

SCOTT FRASER



STRIPPING '59 OLDS
Anonymity leads to destruction.

No. In fact, the two men were psychologists, interested in the varieties of human response to the sight of an obviously unguarded, abandoned car. Within ten minutes, their vehicle received its first visitors. The researchers' log reads, in chilling ellipsis: "Family of three drive by, stop. All leave car. Well-dressed mother with Saks Fifth Avenue shopping bag stands by car on sidewalk keeping watch. Boy, about eight years old, stays by father throughout, observing and helping. Father, dressed in neat sport shirt, slacks and windbreaker, inspects car, opens trunk, rummages through; opens own car trunk full of tools, removes hacksaw, cuts for one minute. Lifts battery out and puts it in his trunk. Lifts entire radiator out, places it on back floor of his car. Family drives off."

Casual Observers. The whole operation took only seven minutes. While it was going on, the log notes, "A young man and woman in a car pull up behind the Olds; both get out, go up to back of Olds, inspect it while father is sawing. They watch him and then leave. Two men around 35 years old walk by and observe the father sawing. They walk on."

Scott Fraser, a social psychologist at New York University, was one of the observers who kept round-the-clock vigils over the car for 64 hours. What surprised him was that most of the car stripping took place in broad daylight. All of the theft was done by clean-cut, well-dressed middle-class people. Furthermore, the major theft and damage was always observed by someone else. "Sometimes passersby would engage in

casual conversation with the miscreants," says Fraser.

By the end of the first 26 hours, a steady parade of vandals had removed the battery, radiator, air cleaner, radio antenna, windshield wipers, right-hand-side chrome strip, hubcaps, a set of jumper cables, a gas can, a can of car wax, and the left rear tire (the other tires were too worn to be interesting). Nine hours later, random destruction began when two laughing teen-agers tore off the rearview mirror and began throwing it at the headlights and front windshield.

Into the Carriage. Eventually, five eight-year-olds claimed the car as their private playground, crawling in and out of it and smashing the windows. One of the last visitors was a middle-aged man in a camel's hair coat and matching hat, pushing a baby in a carriage. He stopped, rummaged through the trunk, took out an unidentifiable part, put it in the baby carriage, and wheeled off.

This serious version of *Candid Camera* was one of several similar experiments which have been organized recently by Philip Zimbardo, 35, a New York born psychologist now at Stanford University. His tentative conclusion is that in offices, schools and streets, a big-city feeling of personal anonymity encourages destructive behavior. It is discouraged by a sense of community—an atmosphere in which vandals feel that anyone watching disapproves of what they are doing. To check his theory, Zimbardo parked a derelict car in a middle-class neighborhood of suburban Palo Alto, California. During three days of observation, he reports, it was not touched once.

Text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.

*"Cutty Sark
first...the rest
nowhere"*



CUTTY'S Log records victory after victory. Of all the magnificent ships of the clipper fleet, she alone earned the right to be called Number One. The best.

That proud tradition is carried on by the Scotch that took her name. Cutty Sark is America's best-selling Scotch. The reason: Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. The taste to be savored. The taste of exceptional Scotch.

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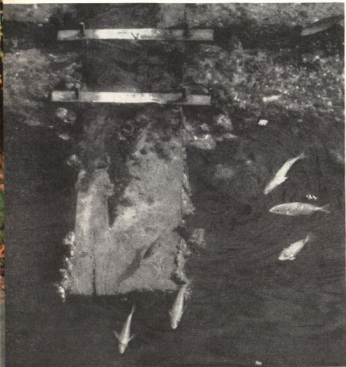
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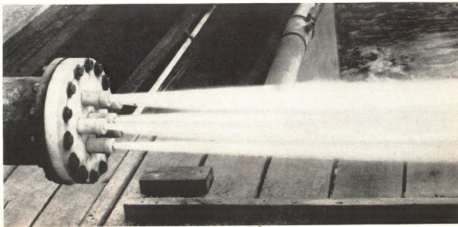
"I love the ocean but

"See the stuff growing on this sample? The ocean attacks all kinds of ways. Rust. Rot. Worms. The teredo—it bores holes in wood structures. Some materials do all right under salt water but fail in salt air. Some are okay in still water but can't take flow. Barnacles grow on most materials. And so on."

"We have to test right in the ocean. Take those prestressed concrete samples. We want to see how long the steel reinforcing bars will stand up, as well as the concrete. You couldn't get the same results in a test tube or tank. The organisms would die. The chemistry would change. The ocean is a living thing. You have to test it right where it lives."



"This is a high-velocity test. Salt water doing ninety miles an hour. Inside those nozzles are samples of materials. Someday I'll see a hydrofoil skimming along at ninety and I'll think back when we proved out some particular nickel alloy and I'll feel a lot of satisfaction."



what an appetite!"

Leaky Davis of International Nickel's Corrosion Laboratory talks about testing materials against the ravenous sea.

"You should be here during a hurricane," says Davis. "I love the ocean but she can smash, crush, erode, corrode, clog...even bore holes. We're trying to put her on a diet."

Louis Thames "Leaky" Davis Jr. handles maintenance at America's largest ocean corrosion laboratory, at Harbor Island, North Carolina.

"We test metals, woods, plastics, platings, coatings—not just nickel alloys, thousands of materials. You'd be surprised, though, how often nickel wins.

"To work the ocean you have to know just what each material can do. Otherwise how could you build a desalination plant, or drill for undersea oil, or improve pleasure boats?"

Leaky showed up for a three-day welding job with Inco in 1947. "The third day hasn't come yet. We've done a whale of a lot. But there's still a lot to be done."

Nickel helps other metals stand up to heat, cold, impact, pressure, abrasion, as well as corrosion. Nickel alloys help advance engineering in vital fields—power, electronics, transportation, aerospace, chemicals, as well as the marine sciences.

We're doing everything we can to produce more nickel. We're searching the world—Indonesia, Australia, Guatemala, Canada. We've found ways to extract nickel from ores thought too poor to mine a few years ago.

We count our blessings and respect our surroundings. From nickel ores we also recover platinum, palladium, and twelve other commercially useful elements. We make iron pellets for steel. Smoke in our stacks is converted to chemicals for still other industries. And on sand left from processing ore, we grow meadows of hay to control dust storms.

We are 32,500 people in 18 countries—miners, market builders, researchers. We work at the whole job—from geodesy to agronomy, metallurgy to economics, theory to practice. To underdeveloped lands we bring new opportunities, new payrolls, new tax income.

Nickel in the ground is useless. We put it to work.

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TRENDS

Statements in Paint

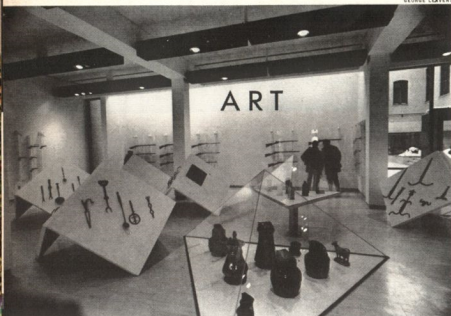
The Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset once compared a work of art to a window through which life can be seen without the need to account for the structure, transparency and color of the windowpane. Nowadays, most artists would argue that quite the reverse is true. With cameras available to record the view behind the windowpane, the artist must concentrate on making his window pre-eminent. In fact, the 20th century has witnessed the development of a genre that consists of windows seen through other windows: in other words, works of art that deal with other works of art.

Back of the Easel. In recent years, particularly, a growing number of artists have chosen this device as a way of making outspoken comments about the nature of their calling. The majority of these works are little more than post-graduate examples of those art school exercises in which students are called upon to copy older paintings or even to try to improve on them. A minority illuminate their topic unforgettably. By penciling a Dali-like goatee and mustache onto a reproduction of the *Mona Lisa*, Marcel Duchamp made it difficult for anyone looking at the lady thereafter to overlook either the pompous reverence with which she is surrounded or Leonardo's decidedly ambivalent attitude toward women. More recently, Miró, Magritte, Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Arman, Bruce Nauman and Walter de Maria have in various ways dealt memorably with the subject of art as art.

The newest crop of painters who prey upon their fellows promises to prove more unsettling than any of its predecessors. For one thing, the school is proliferating rapidly. One Manhattan showroom is currently showing Richard Pettibone's miniature copies of Andy Warhol's soup cans, while another opened last week with Howard Kanovitz's paintings of his easel, his art-world friends and the backs of his canvases. A third gallery is showing Malcolm Morley's version of Vermeer's *Portrait of the Artist in His Studio*—a much-admired painting that has also served as the model for a collage by Alfred Di Lauro and a painting by John Clem Clarke (see color).

Most Precise Words. John Clem Clarke, 31, manages to unnervingly viewers all by himself. He paints what, at first glance, looks perilously like clumsy reproductions of valuable old masters. On second glance, the suspicious would-be buyer sees that Clarke has deliberately differentiated his "reproduction" from the originals by using a stylized process that reduces their complex color schemes to a few relatively simple components. "I liken the process," he says, "to sending a telegram wherein you use the fewest, most precise words for the meaning of the message."

Clarke's most recent major work, a



GALLERY AT HARTFORD ATHENUEUM

As unexpected as a presence on a darkling plain.

MUSEUMS

Sprouting a New Wing

A year ago, Hartford's venerable Wadsworth Athenueum—which claims to be the U.S.'s oldest public museum—closed its doors to the public. It had to. Since its opening in 1844 with 53 art objects, its collection had grown to some 50,000 pieces, and in the five years before it began closing down, attendance had more than doubled to an annual total of 255,000. Expansion was desperately needed; some of the 60 staff members had been working out of converted coatrooms.

Last week the Athenueum reopened after undergoing a \$4,700,000 renovation and sprouting a new wing. The new building, nondescript modern in style, projects out from the Athenueum's original Gothic Revival castle and connects it with a 1930s addition of equally indeterminate character.

Down with Ceilings. In this clash of styles, the original building comes off best—at least the architecture carries the authority of uncompromising anachronism. But internally, the Athenueum has gained 15 new galleries, a new restaurant, library, bookshop and sculpture court.

The crowds of schoolchildren and official visitors that trooped through the older galleries found an even greater change. To make maximum use of space, museum architects had installed balconies within the old high-ceilinged galleries, creating a more human scale.

In the new building Director James Elliott gave Staff Designer Lawrence Channing a free hand to house the Athenueum's distinguished pottery and ironwork. Channing devised pyramidal plastic enclosures which permit the pottery to be viewed from every side and elim-

inate light reflections—a vast improvement on the standard flat, glass-topped case. Ironwork is mounted on open, tentlike forms. To show off the unique collection of ballet costumes, triangular booths were set in surrealist space across wide expanses of floor. Thus the viewer can wander around and encounter each costume-clad dummy individually, each as isolated and unexpected as a presence on a darkling plain.

The Exhibitionist. Director Elliott, 44, who took over when Charles Cunningham moved on to the Art Institute of Chicago three years ago, is proud of the basic collection for which the museum is famed—a small but distinguished selection of baroque paintings, classical bronzes, Meissen porcelain, 17th and 18th century furniture, antique firearms. But even before the shutdown, he set energetically to work to bring the Athenueum more up to date in art history. Conspicuously displayed in the new galleries and elsewhere were some of his acquisitions: Tony Smith's *Amaryllis*, Cézanne's *Portrait of a Child*, an important group of five Abstract Expressionist paintings, plus works by Pissarro, Schiele and Manet.

Even before the museum closed for its renovation, Elliott had displayed a showman's flair for lively, avant-garde exhibitions. In the museum's auditorium, courageous Hartford patrons have been exposed to the underground films of Bruce Conner, the dances of Merce Cunningham, the electronic music of Karlheinz Stockhausen. But Elliott does not think of himself as primarily an exhibitionist. "I think there are too many special exhibitions going on," says Elliott with a trace of exasperation. "You exhaust your public with temporary shows and they never get upstairs to see your permanent collections."



JERRY HOOK AND BRUCE BETHANY

FRANK LEONER

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

The members of most professions—be they baseball players, politicians or journalists—treat their calling with gravity and decorum, at least in public. Privately, they may kid their colleagues mercilessly. Artists, on the other hand, like actors, regard their fellows as prime targets for public parody. Lately, works of art poking gentle, and occasionally savage fun at other works of art seem to be multiplying like guppies. Though these works sometimes look like literal copies, they are usually sly, even malicious comments about the nature of art and its relation to reality. John Clem Clarke's stylized version of Frans Hals' "St. Adrian Militia Company," which hangs in a downtown Manhattan bar (above, with artist seated second from the left), is surrounded by a white line so that the staid, 17th century Dutchmen appear to be figures on a television screen. Clarke thus suggests that TV's ubiquitous eye has changed everybody's way of seeing reality. Vancouver's Iain Baxter burlesques famous artists by carrying their pictorial trademarks to logical extremes. By adding ribbons to his copy of Kenneth Noland's "And Again," he has created an authentic Baxter (shown with the artist, at right). In visual language, the work snorts that if stripes alone make a painting, then why don't longer stripes make a better one?

J. R. EYERMAN

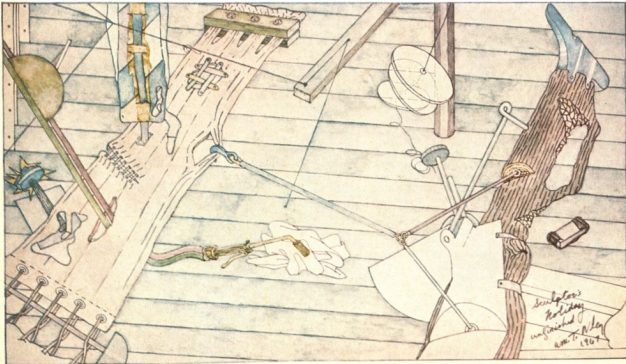




Elaine Sturtevant pokes fun at Andy Warhol with her "Marilyn." It differs from one of his Marilyn's, she says, as much as any one of them differs from any other.

William Tunberg's "Neo-classical Drawing Trap" shows the view of art as draftsmanship to be a trap—with eight hands holding pencils—and eight muskrat traps.

Half-finished sculptures fill a studio in William Wiley's watercolor. Wiley called it "The Sculptor's Holiday" because he took a holiday in one corner—he left it white.



version of Frans Hals' group portrait of the officers and subalterns of the St. Adrian Militia Company, decorates a downtown Manhattan bar. It draws approving glances from young artists who drop in because, as Clarke explains, "we're all involved in process today, rather than track. By that I mean, if I were dropped on the moon tomorrow, I'd leave tracks wherever I walked—but I wouldn't be involved in them. Only the man who came after me would be. In the same way, painting today is a process of exploring. The real product isn't the painting any more. It's what the artist learns while he's making the picture."

The West Coast is an equally fertile breeding ground for art-oriented art. "All artists read magazines," notes Vancouver's Iain Baxter, 32. "TIME, LIFE, Look—any publication that tells them anything about art. However, some won't admit to copying even when everybody knows bloody well they do. I admit what I am doing and say directly this is an extension of so-and-so."

Baxter's waggish *Extended Noland* was based on a museum catalogue picture of a Noland painting, and was meant to twit the pretentious dissertation on Noland as much as it meant to parody the work itself. To Baxter, snobishness and pretension often hinder the public from enjoying art, and he debunks both through his N.E. Thing Co., which produces buttons labeled "Artoficial" and passes them out to N.E. one who will wear them. The button presumably entitles the wearer to make official statements on art—though Baxter clearly regards this distinction as somewhat artificial. The company also issues certificates for ACT (Aesthetically Claimed Things) and ART (Aesthetically Rejected Things). The Great Wall of China rates an ACT seal of approval, while some of Picasso's paintings get the ART booby prize.



BAXTER'S BUTTON
N.E. one can play.

Tijuana Velvet. Farther south, San Francisco's William Wiley is, at 31, an elder statement-maker of the West Coast's cheerfully crude funk art movement. His exhibition in Manhattan last spring (TIME, May 31) contained many paintings and sculptures dealing with the frenetic activity of the New York gallery world about which the relaxed Californian has mixed feelings. Now returned to the relative peace of Marin County, Wiley points out that even works that nominally deal with art can also have wider implications. His subtle watercolor *Sculptor's Holiday*, for example, can be read as the interior of a studio, but its bizarre, stretched-out forms and lacerated strips of leather can also be taken as symbols for an up-tight state of mind.

Los Angeles' husky William Tunberg, 32, may be the only artist who has ever elected to support himself as a donor to an artificial insemination clinic. (He was fired from his job as a life-class drawing teacher at Utah State for, among other reasons, producing drawings that the authorities considered too erotic.) Tunberg finds that when "people these days say 'Look at the old masters,' they are thinking of a cheap, Tijuana-velvety painting of a bullfighter or a landscape." Such folk may find pictures by even Caravaggio or Michelangelo "too crude and experimental." Tunberg's *Neoclassical Drawing Trap* was put together as a way of asking, "Do you really know what you are talking about when you praise old masters?" Says Tunberg, who is working on a construction showing a pair of hands making a pie: "Art is not just a scene or a picture any more. It is an object that exists for itself, but it also conveys something more than pure decoration—not exactly a message, but a hunch."

Age of Anxiety. Something very much like a hunch also drives Elaine Sturtevant, a fair, fey and fortyish Manhattan divorcee who went to Paris last year with her two small daughters and may not find it safe to come back. For she practices a kind of art that has made her one of the less popular artists in Manhattan. Sturtevant's thing is line-for-line copies of virtually every top pop painter and sculptor. She has "done" Segal, Wesselmann, Oldenburg, Stella, Johns, Lichtenstein, Rosenquist

and Warhol with such loving cunning and accomplished accuracy that she makes them all look slightly ridiculous. If the ideal of pop is to reproduce banality literally, then Sturtevant has carried the ideal to its logical but infuriating conclusion—by reproducing the literal reproduction literally. "Oldenburg is ready to kill me," she admits. "It all makes him dive up a wall."

In the process of celebrating "process," Sturtevant has also rendered herself somewhat ridiculous (she once slathered herself with shaving foam to pose for her version of Man Ray's photograph of Marcel Duchamp). This disturbs her not one whit. "I have no place at all," she says, with a faraway look in her eye, "except in relation to the total structure. What interests me is not communicating but creating change. Some people feel that a great change in esthetics in general is happening, though few understand exactly why. Mainly, there is a great deal of anxiety."

Many of her guinea pigs might challenge Sturtevant's personal ability to create change, but few have failed to sense the anxiety of which she speaks. It is a fundamental unrest that arises because a basic artistic philosophy—originally formulated by the pop artists—now produces increasingly sterile new work. None of the mutants of the virile *genus popus*—such as op or earthworks or photographic realism—seem sufficiently robust to beget new species in their turn.

What will come after? Nobody knows. What the prevalence of "art for art's sake" creations mainly shows is that artists feel compelled to satirize the status quo. In this sense, the stage seems curiously akin to 1953. That was the year when Robert Rauschenberg set the stage for pop with his own contribution to the "art for art's sake" genre: erasing an Abstract Expressionist drawing by Willem de Kooning.



STURTEVANT AS MAN RAY'S "DUCHAMP"
In the process of celebrating process.



TUNBERG WORKING ON "PUDDIN' & PIE"
If not a message, then a hunch.

TELEVISION

NEWSCASTING

The Empty-Chair Approach

If the myriad imitators of television's *Meet The Press* were to be given a generic name, they might well be called Spivaks (after Lawrence, the host, of course). This year yet another species of the genus Spivak—the Novak, it might be labeled—was launched on 15 Metromedia TV and radio stations and eight public-TV channels. Titled *The Evans-Novak Report*, the program is run by a regular two-man press panel, Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. Unlike most of the other spin-offs from *Meet The Press*, it does offer

missed his proposals for separation of the races. "I think," he said, "that Mr. Innis' basic racial philosophy makes very little sense. I don't see how it could work." Secretary of Housing and Urban Development George Romney got off easily, as did Presidential Assistant Daniel P. Moynihan. "Bob," Evans said, "I think those fat-cat Republicans at the Union League Club would probably blanch if they watched Dr. Moynihan talking the way he did to us." Moynihan had proposed a \$9 billion federal grant for family allowances.

The empty-chair approach offers an obvious advantage to the interviewers, who can demolish a guest for incon-

low-budget public TV series, the wine was faked with a mixture of water and Gravy Master. Graham guzzles the real stuff from a goblet throughout the program (in seeming violation of Article 3, Section 17 of the Broadcasters' Code). His other constant prop is an arch smirk. He prances onto the kitchen set the way Sugar Ray Robinson used to approach the ring, then pirouettes so that the tittering ladies in the studio audience can admire his costume *du jour*. He has 27 of them—black tie for a filet steak Washington, for example, and a kangaroo-skin bush jacket for less formal dishes. He opens with a bit of humor or reminiscence, perhaps his somewhat askew impression of Terry-Thomas, perhaps some war stories about his days as chief catering assistant in the New Zealand air force. After that comes some pure kitsch. "Oh, I've got it all running down my chinny-chin-chin," he cries cutely as he savors a leg of lamb. "Oh, you're going to be so impressed with me," he coos as he peers at another of his chefs-d'oeuvre.

Slurps and Glugs. Kerr keeps the kitchen asmoke with naughty innuendoes. The Chinese, he notes, considered parsley stalks a mild aphrodisiac, but he finds that "you need a bushel to really get you cracking." Twice within a few days, he observed during the closing segment of the show: "There are two things a man can still do for a woman [pregnant pause]. The other one is to carve the roast on Sunday."

Those closers are the quintessential Kerr. The dish has been carried into a dining-room set that looks like something left over by Liberace. Candles are aglow. Violins are playing Chopin or *The Man I Love*. Kerr's lips tremble with rapture. He blows kisses to his own cuisine and launches into the most passionate eating scenes since *Tom Jones*. Occasionally he falls as flat as a novice's soufflé. He once referred to the trimming of mushroom stems for a steak-kidney-mushroom-and-oyster pie as "a small circumcision." He crimped the edge of a piercest with a gag-store pair of false teeth. His hyper-Briticisms tend to be overdone.

Kerr is entertaining, but his casual, anything-for-a-laugh approach can only confuse his less-experienced students. He never uses a measuring cup and knocks Fanny Farmer for her chemistry-class precision. But how are his viewers going to know that a Kerr "short slurp" equals one fluid ounce or that "one glug" means one and a half? Julia Child, appalled by his use of canned asparagus and packaged ham slices, writes his program off as "a desecration of fine cooking." He is producing "a personality show or a ladies' show," she says. "He's a tall, handsome, well-proportioned young man, and many women like to look at handsome men."

Kerr replies that his approach is "more practical than theoretical" and that his series is "up to date." Born in



EVANS & NOVAK WITH ROMNEY
The inquisition comes later.

at least one new wrinkle: during the last 2½ minutes of the half-hour interview, the guest is excused, and the two inquisitors tear apart what he has said—and not said.

The format calls for the subject to leave the set during the last commercial break. Then the camera pans past his empty chair, and the two interviewers sum up whatever news they may have coaxed from him and expose any equivocations. Robert Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, was on his way out but still within earshot when Evans noted that on the subject of federal welfare standards, "we got a lot of gobbledygook."

Novak (the saturnine-looking one) observed that Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris was "trying to carry water on both shoulders" in discussing whether the old-line politicians or the new black groups should represent the party in Georgia. After CORE Director Roy Innis had left, Evans curtly dis-

smisses, evasions or even outright untruths without having to do it to his face. If it seems rather unfair, the fact is that TV's panel interviewers only occasionally offer that sort of candid criticism while the guest is still around to fight back.

PROGRAMMING

Kitsch in the Kitchen

British-born Graham Kerr, commercial TV's answer to Julia Child, made his U.S. debut in seven cities only last month. In Los Angeles and San Francisco, his syndicated half-hour weekday show, *The Galloping Gourmet*, is already so hot that it will soon go into prime time once a week. Two other markets will join next week. Before the year is out, Kerr, 35, may well become as ubiquitous on TV sets as the White Tornado.

Kerr's school is less Cordon Bleu than Folies-Bergère. On Julia Child's

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AB



KERR COOKING UP A STORM
Less Cordon Bleu than Folies-Bergère.

London to hotelkeeping parents, Kerr (pronounced Care) was, as he says, "taken from the breast and put onto a bottle warmed by a French chef." By age 23 he was manager of the Royal Ascot Hotel, married to an actress, Treena Van Doorne, and already bored with the business. So he moved to New Zealand on the grounds that it was "great for family life, if not for anything else." The second live show ever carried on New Zealand television turned out to be an omelet-cooking demonstration by Flight Lieutenant Kerr. So enthusiastic was the response that he soon decided to resign from the air force. By 1961, he was the leading male TV personality in New Zealand. He then sold his show to Australia and merchandised three bestselling cookbooks. Through an arrangement with Fremantle International, a U.S. television-show producer and distributor, he soon spread to Singapore, Hong Kong and, inevitably, to the States. Last fall the Young & Rubicam advertising agency offered upwards of \$4,000,000 for a Kerr package of shows through August 1971.

Kerr's wife now produces the series, which is taped in Ottawa. The other 13 staffers include a scullery maid for the dishes and a man who mops the misfires from the floor. The Kerrs' three children remain in suburban Sydney, where Graham has a harbor-front home with a swimming pool. When there, he wakes up at 6 a.m. every day for a dip. A former competitive fencer, rugby player and yachtsman, he manages to keep himself down to 186 lbs. (he is 6 ft. 4 in. tall). Down Under, he receives what he considers proper deference. News of his show-biz success in the States is played on Page One in the newspapers, and no one knocks him for his merchandising talent. After all, observes Graham, even Escoffier, in his day, "was considered a shaman and an entrepreneur." Kerr may be both, but he certainly is not Escoffier.

THE THEATER

THEATER ABROAD

Member of the Company

As God created man, so Shakespeare created Hamlet. He is an infinite marvel. He is more than a part: he is an element, a realm, a cosmos. He is man in *extremis*, fencing desperately and gallantly on the rim of an abyss called fate. To watch him is to be chilled and electrified by the destiny of man.

It is frequently said of Hamlet that no actor can fail in the role. The opposite is more accurately the case. Shakespeare asks for far more than skill: he asks for a human sacrifice—the actor's mind, heart, body, soul and blood. It is the quality of a life that is tested in *Hamlet* as much as the professional gifts of an actor. That may be one reason why so many actors shy away from the role. It threatens to expose the limits of their humanity as well as the potholes of their craft. Yet no actor can aspire to the pinnacle of his art without measuring himself against the greatest role in English-speaking drama. The great Hamlets belong to the most exclusive club in the theater. They are the touchstones of dramatic art, and no one who cares about the theater utters their names without awe: Forbes-Robertson, Barrymore, Gielgud and Olivier. Last week in a converted London Victorian engine shed called The Round House, Nicol Williamson joined that slim and goodly company at Hamlet's very age of 30.

Lit by *Inner Fire*, A gangling 6 ft. 2 in., Williamson burns with incandescence and carries with him the smell of smoldering cordite. If he were not lit with inner fire, he would be singularly unprepossessing. Alan Brien, columnist of the London *Sunday Times*, once described him as having "eyes like poached eggs, hair like treacle toffee, and a truculent lower lip protruding like a pink front step from the long pale doorway of his face."

What Williamson possesses in temperament and character is size (there is no pettiness in him), the arrogance if not the elegance of a prince, irascibility (Hamlet's fed-upness with a corrupt court and its fawning fools and knaves), and above all ardor, not unmixed with seething contempt. This is a Hamlet who scoffs and snarls and wields the soliloquies like a switchblade.

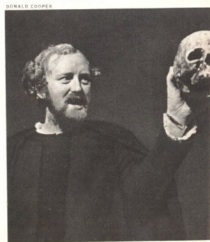
Never was a Hamlet less pigeon-livered; yet never was there one who was less "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." Williamson's Hamlet is a dropout from Wittenberg with a Scottish-bred accent that scatters aitches like dandruff and tortures vowels until they scream. Still, the so-familiar lines emerge with a rasping edgy immediacy. With his mouth stretched like a rubber band, Williamson seems to be chewing through the sense of the lines as if for the first time. One notices with surprise

that Hamlet's vocabulary is flecked with coarse, rustic phrases like manure on his boots; he talks of "fardels" and "the compost on the weeds" and "the slave's offal" to offset his university scholar's jargon.

Dressed in a scruffy black cardigan and tights, Williamson has set his emotional barometer for a hurricane from the beginning. He is tuned to his own internal weather, and to hell with the climate outside. He has already slept with his Ophelia, and in the "Get thee to a nunnery" scene he blatantly snuggles in the horizontal with her, defying Polonius to catch them in the act. Few actors can be more sexually insinuating in speech than Williamson, though in Hamlet's dirty, double-meaning banter with Ophelia ("country matters?") the voice is not that of a suitor out to shock but of a weary fornicator already tired of the flesh he has groped too often. As for the closet scene with Queen Gertrude, Williamson would have positively horrified the perhaps apocryphal British playgoer who said: "No gentleman would speak to his mother that way."

Honor to the Sovereign. This is not a gentleman's *Hamlet*. It evokes the bloody tragedies of revenge from which Shakespeare lifted some of his plots. In fairly vengeful but clean editing, Director Tony Richardson has cut the play to less than three hours' running time, erasing a gravedigger here and a courtier there. Returning to stage direction after five years of indifferent film making, Richardson provides no innovative fireworks, but with a firebrand like Williamson on view, who would have noticed?

There is one English sovereign who ranks above the Queen, and the king of playwrights is magnificently served by the hulking man who may some day be the Olivier of his generation, Nicol Williamson.



WILLIAMSON AS "HAMLET"
Soliloquies like switchblades.



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THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

Joining a Bigger League

He admits to 220 lbs., but the way they are spread over his 5-ft. 9-in. frame, he looks even beefier. He is a brash Irishman who comes on strong, forever "God-bless"-ing strangers, swearing at friends and consigning his enemies, who are many, to hell. When he made his big decision last week, Mr. James Breslin informed the world in his own waggish way—with a Page One ad in the *New York Times*, a paper for which he has never written. It said: "ROBERT J. ALLEN: You are on your own. I am giving up my newspaper column, Jimmy Breslin." It set Jimmy back \$75.

For once, Breslin wasn't kidding. Robert J. Allen is a so-called friend who snatches money out of the hands of wheelchair cripples and has married the same girl four times, and was always good for a column when Breslin was hard up, which was often. But Allen, who is real even if he sounds like a figment of Breslin's fertile Gaelic fancy, will no longer read about his exploits in the papers. At 39, Breslin is giving up newspapering, the only job he's known. Among others, his decision saddens Fat Thomas, the 350-lb. New York bookie, who has gone so legit since Breslin began writing him up that he now works as an actor. "Jimmy says to hell with the big people," says Fat Thomas. "His whole thing is helpin' little people." Now Jimmy has decided to help himself. He has stopped writing his column for the *New York Post** and five other papers partly because the \$125,000 he conned out of publishers and ABC-TV last year is no longer enough.

A Greyer World. "I've been working too freakin' hard," says Breslin. "I want to escalate my standard of living." So even though he admits to being "an unlettered bum" who has read nothing murkier than Hemingway and Steinbeck, Mr. Breslin is turning novelist. His first novel isn't quite finished, but MGM has already bought the screen rights for \$250,000, plus a cut of the gross. Titled *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, it is about the lighter side of the Mafia. To command those prices, Jimmy's agent must be a Sicilian who can shoot straight.†

Breslin will turn out a monthly piece for *New York*, the magazine he helped start after the *World Journal Tribune* folded. But mostly he will write fiction, which some of his meaner critics claim he's been doing all along anyway. It's touch and go whether the world of letters will shine brighter because Breslin

is there, but it's a certainty that newspapers will seem greyer without him.

Breslin has dropped his share of clinkers along the way, such as his Runyon-esque columns about guys like Jerry the Booster, who distracts clerks by dropping his pants in department stores so his buddies can clean the racks of Hickey-Freeman 42-regulars, and about a barkeep named Mutchie, who sends notes to friends' funerals saying: "I am very sorry it had to come to this." But when Breslin graduated to writing his mood pieces about the day's biggest news events, from Selma to Saigon, he was often unbeatable. He has been called a male sob-sister, and wise guys belittle



BRESLIN

On his own.

his Dick-and-Jane vocabulary, but he is not the dummy he pretends to be, and his blend of brisk action and understated generalizations packed a punch.

Breslin never pontificated about anything, but his attitude was rarely in doubt. His reporting from Viet Nam ignored military strategy, focused instead on the human tragedies on both sides, because Breslin has to write about people, not issues. He came away hating it all. "This thing," he says now, "it's like getting killed in an industrial accident."

It was Breslin who produced one of the first surgeon's-eye views of Emergency Room One in Parkland Memorial Hospital when Jack Kennedy died in Dallas. He detailed the final minutes of Martin Luther King Jr. in Memphis. "Here he was, trying to get dressed for dinner, and he had no tie," Breslin was only 20 ft. away from Bobby Kennedy when the Senator was shot in Los Angeles. "Robert Kennedy is on his back," Breslin wrote. "His lips are open in

pain. He has a sad look on his face. You see, he knows so much about this thing." Bobby and Breslin were friends, and Jimmy confides that "if that kid had lived, they couldn't have gotten me out of newspapers with a bulldozer. But with him gone, who needs it?"

Nobody ever accused Breslin of running scared, but now that he is turning to writing books, he does fret about his own lack of discipline. Not about his background, though. "I'm not smart, but then you tell me who is. I shoulda gone to an Ivy League college, then I coulda lied like the rest of them jerks wearing the striped ties." He seems overly proud of his limited tastes in literature. "*Portnoy's Complaint*? I don't read nothin' that ain't written in English."

Breslin is equally proud of his capacity for bars, beer and booze. "I used to drink until it was lights out and you'd wake up in the morning with large holes in the night before." He could justify that in a column: "You've got to understand the drink. In a world where there is a law against people ever showing emotions, or ever releasing themselves from the greyness of their days, a drink is not a social tool. It is a thing you need in order to live." But a doctor has told Breslin otherwise—that he's a sitting duck for a heart attack—and he's cut back.

Worth a Shot. Breslin is a New York boy who once lived in a suburb, but hated it and moved to Queens. His long-suffering wife, renowned in his columns as "the former Rosemary Datolico" and their six kids put up with him, which takes some doing.

Looking back, Jimmy Breslin spits at the business that made him. Excepting Millionaire Jock Whitney, who gave him a big play in the now departed *New York Herald Tribune*, Breslin has only scorn for publishers. "I worked for Newhouse, Scripps-Howard and Hearst—the Sing Sing, Leavenworth and Folsom of American journalism," he says. "People who are working for Newhouse shouldn't have the Guild as their bargaining agent. They should have the Mafia. And they should get a Pulitzer prize for malnutrition."

Breslin, forever the grouser, complains that he will miss writing daily because "I'll wanna be able to yell like a son-of-a-bitch about something and I won't be able to." But he also claims to be tired of "seeing my stuff on the subway floor" and figures writing books is a bigger league. "You don't run at Suffolk Downs because you like the race-track. If you can, you gotta run at Aqueduct. I might run a struggling sixth, but I gotta take a shot at it."

That sounds pretty convincing, but there may be a touch of blarney in it. More than a few of Breslin's colleagues are willing to make book that when the next big story breaks, Jimmy will drop his manuscripts, bust out of the gate and race down the same old track he runs so well. Never mind the blarney. After all, that—and a lot of talent—has made Jimmy Breslin a winner.

* Another *New York Post* columnist, Murray Kempton, also announced last week that he will quit to concentrate on book writing.

† Actually, he is Sterling Ford, a Manhattan literary agent whose clients include Terry Southern, Pierre Salinger and Dick Schaap.

What to do when a customer gives you a snow job.

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SPORT

BASEBALL

Strike One

Poor baseball. At a time when the sport badly needs to spruce up its image, the major-league teams seem incapable of even drumming up a lively game of toss. Last week, for the first time in the 93-year history of the major leagues, spring training opened to a mass boycott by the players.

Ostensibly, the problem was cash. The Major League Baseball Players' Association, which speaks for all the athletes through elected player representatives from each team, wants the club owners to enrich its pension fund with \$6,500,000 for three years; the owners are offering \$5,300,000. Yet as the infighting got nastier, it seemed to turn into a classic test of strength. On one side, an owner threatened: "If we can't use major-leaguers, we'll fill up our rosters with minor-leaguers." On the other, Marvin Miller, the \$55,000-a-year negotiator for the Players' Association, accused the owners of circulating a "misleading and deceptive propaganda document" and instigating "vicious personal attacks in the vague hope of destroying the Players' Association."

But professional ballplayers are relative newcomers to this sort of labor dispute. While the association leaders argued, its members were hardly demonstrating true trade-union solidarity. Last week, torn between duty to teammates and job security, a few began to bolt. Catcher Jerry Grote, for instance, said that he backed the boycott but, since he had signed his contract with the New York Mets "some time ago," he felt it only proper that he should report to training camp. "If it had been any one of the 23 other teams," he quickly added, "I wouldn't have signed. But this team has treated me well."

For the Kids. "I think they can settle this dispute without me," said Catcher John Bateman, as he checked in at the West Palm Beach, Fla., training camp of the Montreal Expos, a new National League team. "I always had a weight problem, and I thought it best for me if I came on down." Other defectors also pleaded personal problems. "I can't buy a house and strike at the same time," said Pitcher Pete Richert of the Baltimore Orioles. "You got to keep busy when you have four kids," said Chicago White Sox Catcher Russ Nixon. Though Ken Harrelson, the Boston Red Sox outfielder who led the American League in runs batted in last season, was the only name player to break the boycott so far, several others allowed that they would not hold out long.

Most fans found it hard to sympathize either with athletes whose average salary is \$26,000 a year or with businessmen who are wealthy enough to own a major-league team. Their reaction was traditional: Play Ball.

BASKETBALL

Anyone for Pallacanestro?

At the close of the basketball season last year, Jim Tillman and Gary Schull were stars with no place to shine. Tillman, one of the highest scorers in the nation in his junior year at Loyola University in Chicago, was drafted by the home-town Bulls last year to play in the National Basketball Association. But when the Bulls failed to offer a contract to his liking, Tillman decided to forgo pro ball for a season or two. Schull, a springy pivot man from Florida State, bypassed an N.B.A. tryout three years ago to join the Phillips 66ers in the A.A.U. league. Then, at the end of last season, the Phillips team was disbanded.

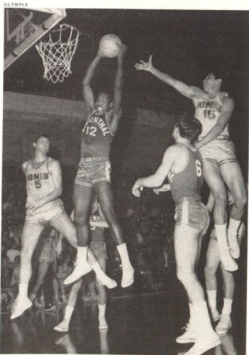
What to do? Like many displaced U.S. basketball players these days, the pair hit on a happy alternative: dribble off to Europe. Tillman, 22, is currently averaging 19 points a game for Simmenthal, a team sponsored by a Milan meat-packing firm of the same name. Schull, 24, is the leading rebounder for rival Eldorado, an ice cream company in Bologna. The N.B.A. it isn't; yet for American players unwilling or unable to buck the stiff competition at home, Europe is indeed an Eldorado.

All the Benefits. Today there are nearly 100 Americans playing for industrial teams and sports clubs in Italy, France, Spain and Belgium. The influx began five years ago, when sponsors, anxious

to upgrade the sloppy play and win new friends and publicity for their teams, started recruiting U.S. college stars. Though the leagues imposed a limit of two foreigners for each team, the Americans have dominated the play. The imports have not only helped bring about a basketball boom in Western Europe, but have also ended the lopsided superiority of teams from Iron Curtain countries. The New York Knicks' Bill Bradley, for instance, while studying at Oxford University three years ago, commuted to Italy to help Simmenthal upset teams from Moscow and Prague for the European Cup Championship.

Theoretically, all the European teams are amateur, but under-the-table deals offered to the Americans allow them to enjoy, in effect, all the benefits of an expense-free vacation—and then some. In Italy, U.S. players are paid an average of \$12,000 for the six-month season of *pallacanestro*, while such sought-after stars as Mike Lynn, a forward on U.C.L.A.'s championship teams for the past two seasons, command up to \$30,000. Like Gary Schull, some players are "on scholarship," which usually means that they are enrolled in a language course. Jim Tillman is listed as a public relations man for Simmenthal, meaning: "I make a few speeches at banquets and such."

Tillman lives with his wife Paula in a modern, two-bedroom apartment in Milan furnished by Simmenthal, which also picks up the tab for incidentals. Last month, when Tillman's wife entered the hospital to have her first baby, the company took care of all the bills.



TILLMAN (WITH BALL) IN ITALY

Dribbling off to Eldorado.



AIKEN IN SPAIN



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© The American Tobacco Company

And as far as Italian fans are concerned, their big *bambini* can do no wrong. Tooling around town with a fellow player in the company's racy white Fiat, Tillman says that "we've been stopped for traffic violations a couple of times. But when the cop sees us, he tells us to win some games and lets us off without a ticket."

At Ollie's Bar in Antwerp, the big attraction is dancing to soul music and ogling the American athletes who gather there after a game. The bar is owned by Oliver Howell, 28, from Indianapolis, the high-scoring forward for the Antwerp Basketball Club. In Belgium, says Howell, where rich backers send scouts to the U.S. to recruit players, the arrival of the Americans has improved not only basketball but, in his case, the bustling bar business as well.

Way of Life. For two members of the Real Madrid team, defending champions of the European Cup title, *basquetbol* has become a way of life. Clifford Luyk, 27, a 6-ft. 8-in. center from the University of Florida who was lured away from the New York Knicks by a touring Madrid scout, and Wayne Brabender, 23, from Montevideo, Minnesota, have both become Spanish citizens. "It was not for political reasons or anything like that," says Brabender. "But I like the life here and have lots of friends." More typical of the U.S. players abroad is Brabender's teammate, Miles Aiken, 27, a center from St. Bonaventure. He regards his sojourn in sunny Spain as an interesting but temporary cultural adventure, and plans to return to the U.S. to work in the poverty program.

Other American players, accustomed to the slick, fast-breaking style of play in the U.S., return home out of frustration; while improving, European basketball at best is on a level with junior-college ball in the U.S. Playing conditions, like the cramped court on the third floor of the Abbey of Mercy church in Venice, are often less than ideal. Refereeing, which one U.S. player says favors the home team by a good 25 points, is woefully bad. And the European players, to whom teamwork is a job performed by oxen, would just as soon uncork an impossibly long set shot as pass off to an unguarded teammate. In Italy the first words a newly arrived American learns is "*Dammi il pallone*"—"Gimme the ball."

For the newcomer at least, the affection of the European fans makes up for the shortcomings on the court. "I get two or three letters every day from the fans," says Gary Schull. "I don't fully understand them but I get a kick out of them. See this," he says, fingering a new beaver overcoat. "Some businessman gave it to me. I never had it so good." Sometimes the hero worship gets out of hand. After a championship game in Italy three years ago, souvenir-mad fans rushed onto the court and stripped an American player right out of his shoes, socks, shirt and shorts.

One inch equals one hour.

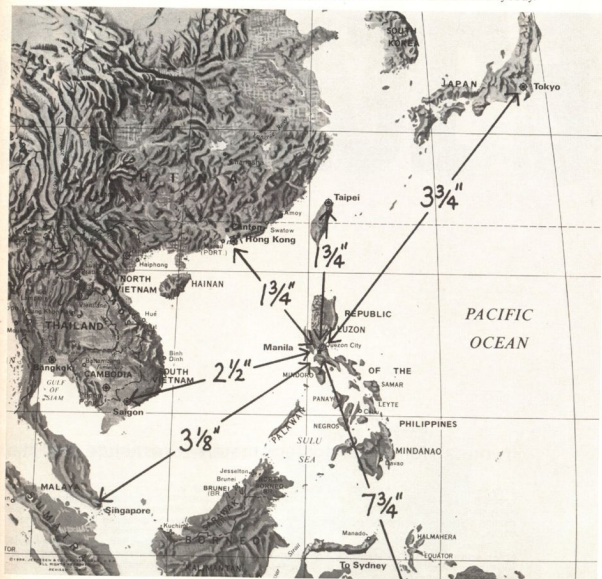
See Hong Kong?
It's very close to Manila, isn't it?
See Singapore?
It's very close to Manila, too.
It looks like every place in the Orient is close to Manila, doesn't it?
Right.

Now you see why Manila is such an efficient place to begin your business trip to the Orient.
It's easy to fly to.
It's easy to fly from.
Between to and from, there's a lot of night life, sports and excellent

hotel accommodations to enjoy.

And there's a way to make your trip to the Orient even more efficient. By flying Philippine Air Lines to Manila.

We'll get you there one inch faster than anybody.



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Pitney.

If you can forget our postage meters for a minute we'd like

They're electrostatic. So they produce clean, dry copies that won't fade or turn brown. They'll copy every part of your originals you want copied, including signatures and marginal notes. From all colors, even reds.

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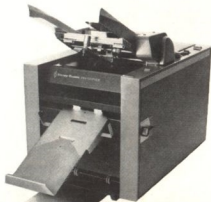
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BUSINESS

RISE SALARIES: A SELLERS' MARKET FOR SKILLS

DESPITE the Government's anti-inflation campaign—which many employers would like to take to heart by holding down salaries—everybody seems to be earning more and more these days. Congress recently doubled the U.S. President's salary to \$200,000, while boosting the pay of its own members from \$30,000 to \$42,500. Barbra Streisand this month signed a contract with Las Vegas' new International Hotel that gives her an estimated \$500,000 (plus stock in the hotel) for four weeks' work a year. Harvard Business School graduates now begin their working lives at an average \$12,000 a year. At leading Wall Street law firms, starting salaries for newly recruited lawyers, which ran about \$7,500 a decade ago, now stand at \$15,000 and are likely to go higher. Today the long-impecunious college professors average \$18,000, and in private universities \$21,000. Many supplement their base pay with consulting jobs at up to \$250 a day; professors of business may gross as much as \$60,000 a year.

Salaries are rising because skills are short, and anybody with a specialty—or plain verve and nerve—is greatly in demand. With unemployment down to a 15-year low of 3.3%, and want ads bulging in the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Times*, there are more openings for \$15,000-a-year engineers and \$10,000-a-year computer programmers than the work force can possibly fill. People are hoping from job to job as never before, always searching for—and usually getting—the richer reward. Some jobs, of course, pay conspicuously more than others. From campus to board room, there is increasing discussion about who gets how much—and why.

Highest and Lowest. Americans are undoubtedly the world's highest-paid people, though Europeans and Japanese collect far flossier fringe benefits. Still, a \$7,000-a-year bank teller hardly feels happy about the fact that he may be earning 25% more than his Continental counterpart. The human tendency is to gauge compensation not by one's needs but by the relative pay of peers—countrymen, colleagues and neighbors. Many truck drivers last year earned more than \$15,000, thanks to the Teamsters' knack of squeezing out the most in wage negotiations. Human nature being what it is, the average driver will naturally expect even more, especially if he happens to live next door to, say, a senior airline captain. The pilot's \$45,000 top annual pay will climb to \$57,000 when the jumbo jets go into service later this year.

The rules that determine who gets what in the U.S. economy are at once



SINGER STREISAND



AUTOMAKER ROCHE



TWA JET PILOT



BISHOP MYERS
Anybody with verve and nerve.

distressingly inequitable and remarkably logical. Tradition, profit, risk and decision making all play a part. Regional pay differences exist, but are narrowing as executive mobility increases. The Fantus Co., a site-seeking firm for industry, reckons that for young executives living costs in New York run 12% higher than in Chicago and 40% higher than in Dallas. Although some companies give Manhattan executives premium pay, it does not always make up for the cost-of-living differential.

Big and basic old industries like primary metals and insurance offer some of the lowest salaries in U.S. business. Reasons: they have always done so, and their earnings tend to be modest. Railroads, insurance firms and public utilities are also at the bottom end of the ladder, largely because they are heavily regulated by Government, which limits profits. In addition, companies in the low-paying industries often favor a committee form of decision making that minimizes risk and personal initiative. They tend to promote from within; security and seniority are highly regarded. By contrast, industries that seek executives from the outside are characterized by the job jumping that bids up prices.

Logically, the companies that pay best count on individual executives for considerable decision making that directly affects profits. Often the decisions involve annual changes in styles and products. The most generous companies include department stores and manufacturers in the areas of tobacco, aerospace, drugs, electronics, cosmetics, appliances and autos. The highest-paid U.S. executive is the biggest decision maker in the world's largest company: General Motors Chairman James Roche, who in 1967 earned \$733,316 in salary and bonus.

Risk Is the Key. No matter how high they rise, the hired employees of corporations rarely earn as much as owners, partners or other entrepreneurs, who get a payoff for personal risk. Apart from top management, lawyers are the best-rewarded corporate employees, averaging about \$29,000 in high legal-department positions. But lawyers in private practice have no ceilings, and incomes of \$50,000 for younger partners in leading firms are fairly common.

Similarly, executives of commercial banks earn about one-third to one-half as much as investment bankers, who are essentially in business for themselves. A vice president at a big New York City commercial bank may earn as little as \$25,000 a year, though he can hope to become a major bank president at \$250,000 or so. Partners at Lehman Brothers and other investment banking houses can earn \$500,000 or

more a year. Their incomes depend upon how much capital they contribute to the firm and the size of the mergers, underwritings and other deals that they bring in. Unlike commercial bankers, however, the investment bankers have partnership arrangements that make them personally liable for losses.

Men who have the responsibility of handling other people's money usually make large amounts of it. For running Massachusetts Investors Trust, one of the nation's biggest mutual funds, Chairman Kenneth L. Isaacs' pay package in 1967 amounted to \$400,000. On Wall Street, the starting salary for securities analysts has escalated in the past five years from \$7,000 to at least \$10,000, and ranking analysts get \$25,000 to \$60,000. On top of that, executives of brokerage firms traditionally pocket bonuses of from one month's to two years' salary. Even better off than the analysts are the most active customer's men; they get 25% to 40% of the commissions on their transactions, and often earn well over \$100,000 a year. Stephen Weiss, 33, a vice president of A. G. Becker & Co. in Manhattan, last year handled approximately \$80 million worth of securities—mostly for individual investors—and earned about \$500,000.

God and Mammon. "Creativity" has become an increasingly popular word in U.S. business, and nowhere more so than in the field of advertising. Young copywriters start as low as \$6,500, but fairly often reach \$35,000 within five years; some of the hotter copy chiefs and art directors hit \$100,000 before the age of 35. Advertising account executives, who used to be at the high end of Madison Avenue's scale, seldom earn more than \$40,000. Eli Silberman, creative supervisor at Manhattan's McCann-Erickson agency, explains the shift: "The effectiveness of the ad is what counts—so the people who create the ads have become more important."

Even some clergymen are realizing richer worldly rewards. While Catholic priests in New York have to get by on a maximum of \$2,400 a year plus free room and board, the starting salary of an Episcopal minister in California is \$7,000 plus housing, and the state's bishop, C. Kilmer Myers, makes \$17,000. Rabbis are the best off, perhaps because Jews do not hold such firm beliefs as do Christians about the rewards of the hereafter. A Reform rabbi receives up to \$15,000 in his first congregation and can look forward later to \$30,000, and in some cases \$50,000.

Some of the big money finds its way to the men who recruit and place other executives. A vice president of an executive recruiting firm may earn \$50,000 or \$60,000—substantially more than most of the people he puts into jobs. The "head hunters," of course, make decisions that very basically influence the future of many companies. On balance, the people who are paid best are those who are regularly called upon to dispose of one of the most valuable of all commodities: judgment.

WESTERN EUROPE: MARK OF WORRY

SINCE the easing of last November's European monetary crisis, the calm in world money markets has seemed almost uncanny. The French franc has suffered only minor buffeting on currency exchanges. Last week the British pound rose to a six-month high of more than \$2.39, lifted by the news that Britain's perennial trade deficit narrowed to practically nothing in January. The dollar, buoyed by last year's slight surplus in the usually deficit-ridden U.S. balance of payments, is stronger than at any time in recent memory. Yet amid such outward stability, signs of skittishness abound.

The price of gold in Paris last week shot to well over \$46 per oz., the highest in two decades. That upsurge re-

further outflow of francs from France, Paris has failed to lure back the bulk of hot money that it had previously lost. In Europe, the skepticism about France's chances of avoiding devaluation is widespread."

There is little evidence that the disparity between the mark and the franc will end soon. The continuing West German economic surge, which underpins the mark's strength, goes against classic economic theory. Rapid economic growth should almost inevitably produce much higher export prices and the demand for more imports, both of which are damaging to a country's trade position. Yet Bonn has managed to keep its economy expanding with little inflation. West German Economics Min-



FRENCHMAN SWAPPING FRANCS FOR WINE
Everybody wants a substitute for money.

flected, more than anything, smoldering fears about the future of the franc. The spark that started the rise, however, was President Nixon's call two weeks ago for "new approaches" to international monetary problems. It was only an offhand remark, but French speculators misinterpreted it as a sign that Nixon might favor a rise in the price of gold or some basic revamping of currency values. When the President discusses money matters in Europe this week, he will find that many financial leaders fear that the speculators will open a new "spring offensive" that could upset currencies in the months ahead.

Tight Corset. As Robert Ball, TIME's European economic correspondent, reports: "The root of last fall's crisis, the fundamental imbalance between the robust West German mark and the weak French franc, has not been lastingly removed. The tight corset of exchange controls is all that is holding the franc up. Though the controls have impeded any

ister Karl Schiller said in his annual report that the country's production grew by almost 9% in 1968 and should expand by another 6.5% in 1969—with inflation accounting for barely 2% of the rise in each year. As a result of that performance, the Germans registered a trade surplus of \$4.6 billion last year and wound up with \$10 billion in gold and monetary reserves, compared with France's \$4.1 billion.

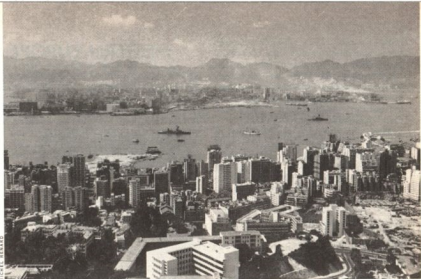
Reverse Image. One reason for Germany's trade prowess is that its export prices have remained essentially the same since 1964, while those of the U.S., Britain and Bonn's five Common Market partners have increased by an average of 7%. If Bonn were to peg the obviously undervalued mark at a higher price, it would relieve the competitive imbalance by making German exports more expensive and imports cheaper. Schiller, who still hopes to avoid revaluation, predicts that various other measures will help pare West Germany's

trade surplus to \$3 billion this year. Even that may not be enough to ease the monetary pressure.

The French economic picture is the reverse image of that in West Germany. In the first two weeks of February, France's reserves declined \$29 million, while Germany's rose more than \$121 million. France's ability to compete has been severely hampered by inflation; domestic prices are increasing by an alarming annual rate of 5.5%. One consequence is that French trade deficits have lately been running at more than \$200 million a month. Psychology could cause even more havoc than economics. Frenchmen traditionally mistrust their own currency, and they have been spending francs rather than holding them, thus aggravating inflation. As a hedge against devaluation, they are converting francs not only into gold but also into "money substitutes" such as real estate, furs and fine wines. A recent poll showed that 45% of all Frenchmen expect a franc devaluation sometime this year.

Charles de Gaulle has staked his political prestige on maintaining the franc's parity at 20 U.S. cents, but devaluation may be difficult to avoid if, as is likely, French unions demand inflationary wage increases next month. One danger is that De Gaulle, if forced to devalue, might not stop at a reasonable 10% change in parity but insist capriciously on 20% or more. That would give France an enormous trading advantage, and force a competitive devaluation of other currencies. As David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, said in London last week, the franc is "the key currency. If you could guarantee that nothing will happen to the franc this year, you could guarantee there would be no monetary crisis."

Aid to Trade. The hope that De Gaulle might become more cooperative on economic affairs is one reason that President Nixon seeks to improve U.S. relations with France. The Administration's anti-inflationary drive at home has helped to harden the dollar on world markets. One result is that Nixon will speak from strength in any money talks in Europe. While showing little interest in a gold price increase or other radical monetary reforms, Washington is pressing for the activation of the International Monetary Fund's "special drawing rights" as the best immediate way to expand the monetary reserves needed to finance world commerce. The SDRs will come into being after 67 of the IMF's 111 member nations approve. So far only 36 have done so, but enough new ratifications should come through to enable the IMF to create SDRs by year's end. The first installment will probably amount to about \$2.5 billion, which will be added to the world's reserves of \$73 billion. The SDR plan will be an aid to trade, but not a cure for the world's monetary ills. They can only be treated if individual nations, notably France and West Germany, succeed in putting their trading accounts in better balance.



HARBOR OF THE CROWN COLONY

But the ultimate fate is unpredictable.

HONG KONG

Cheer in the Year of the Rooster

When Communist rioters swirled through the streets of Hong Kong in 1967, the business community trembled on the edge of chaos. The local stock market dropped to a modern low; bank deposits plunged; tourism dried up. Nearly 1,000 businessmen made inquiries about shifting to Taiwan or Singapore. But peace returned—and so did prosperity. No businesses actually moved out. Despite the monumental inconveniences caused by what is now euphemistically called "the disturbances," 1967 turned out to be Hong Kong's best export year until then, and 1968 was even better in every respect. Last week, as it celebrated the Chinese New Year—the "Year of the Rooster"—the British crown colony had plenty to crow about. Business has never been better.

Tunnel to the Island. With an economy more heavily dependent on exports than any other in the world, Hong Kong increased sales to foreign customers in 1968 by 26%, to \$1.4 billion. Bank deposits climbed 20%. The stock market reached an alltime high. Tourism soared as 618,000 visitors spent \$160 million and 200,000 U.S. servicemen on R & R left behind another \$60 million.

Land prices are nearing record levels, and choice industrial sites sell for \$23 per square foot, more than ten times the price of comparable U.S. industrial sites. About 140 U.S. firms have moved their offices from Japan to Hong Kong, and foreign investors have been attracted by the fact that the colony has no capital gains tax and a maximum tax on gross income of only 15%. Wages remain low, averaging \$13.50 for a 50-hour week, but per capita annual income has risen in three years from \$305 to \$450.

Among the major new construction projects, the 800-room Hong Kong Hotel will open this year, bringing the colony's number of hotel rooms to 7,100.

Two more major hotels are due by the early 1970s, when tourism is expected to total 1,000,000 visitors a year. The local government is arranging financing for a \$17 million runway extension that will open Kai Tak Airport to jumbo jets; it is also planning a \$500 million subway and a \$350 million road improvement, including a tunnel to connect the mainland Kowloon peninsula with Hong Kong Island.

Reason for Optimism. Hong Kong's ultimate fate depends on two unpredictable factors: the behavior of its neighbor, Red China and, to a lesser degree, the import policies of its best customers, the U.S. and Britain.

Red China can take over the "New Territories," an essentially agricultural area that makes up four-fifths of the 400-sq.-mi. colony, when a 99-year lease expires in 1997. That will reduce the colony to Kowloon and Hong Kong Island, the two centers of business and tourism that were ceded to Britain in perpetuity by China's emperors. Legalties aside, Red China could overrun Hong Kong in 24 hours whenever it wished. What permits business optimism is the belief that Peking finds the status quo alluring. Red China earns nearly half of its foreign exchange—upwards of \$500 million a year in hard currency—by trading with and through the crown colony. Some \$100 million of that amount comes in remittances from overseas Chinese that flow through the colony's banks; Peking owns or controls ten banks and innumerable other businesses in Hong Kong.

The immediate economic peril comes from Hong Kong's main foreign friends. Fully 95% of the colony's manufactured items are exported, and half of them are in textiles. Threats of U.S. restrictions on imports have stimulated many manufacturers to diversify into plastics, toys and wigs. Says P. Y. Tang, a textile millionaire: "The disturbances of 1967 did not worry me at all. They didn't hurt us. But quotas on our goods abroad do worry me."

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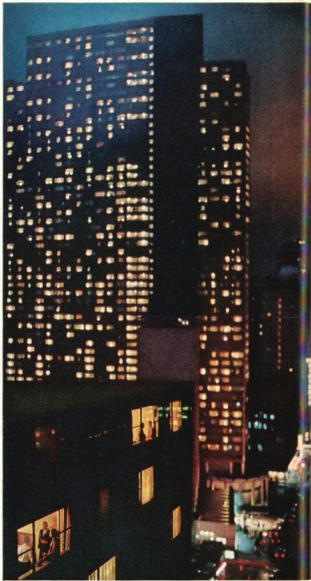


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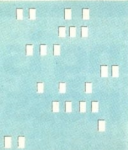
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1869-1969
GOLDEN SPIKE
CENTENNIAL

STOCK MARKET

Downward Shift

As Washington's battle against price rises intensified, Wall Street last week finally seemed to get the message. After meandering since January, the stock market suffered its worst weekly loss in 2½ years. The Dow-Jones industrial average declined by 35 points, to 917—the lowest level since last September. On the New York Stock Exchange, declines outnumbered advances by 3 to 1. On the American Exchange, prices dropped by an average of 5%. The slide continued until the four-day trading week, abbreviated for Washington's Birthday, ended mercifully on Thursday.

The sell-off signaled something of a shift in investor psychology. The feeling is common that the Government's deflationary measures may finally succeed in constricting the economy—an achievement that would inevitably depress corporate profits. Two weeks ago, Treasury Secretary David Kennedy began warning openly, although the issue was never much in doubt, that the 10% tax surcharge may have to be extended a full year beyond its June 30 expiration. Last week Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, warned the Joint Congressional Economic Committee that current tight-money policies may have to be maintained throughout 1969. It is now considered quite possible that commercial banks will once again raise the prime interest rate, which is already at 7%. Any further increase would make it that much costlier for companies to carry out capital-spending plans.

Fever Symptom. The public and the professionals also seem increasingly uneasy about the "tone" or "quality" of the market. The much publicized mess in the back offices of brokerage houses, which are tangled in paper, has done little to inspire confidence in the effectiveness of Wall Street's management. In addition, the fast rise of prices of new issues, many of which have climbed to premiums despite meager or non-existent earnings, is a symptom of dangerous speculative fever.

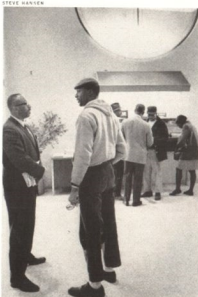
The recent pressures on the conglomerate corporations have also helped reduce investor enthusiasm. Congress and several Government agencies have begun to investigate these acquisitive companies with a view toward eliminating the tax advantages that help them to make mergers (TIME, Feb. 21). A growing number of Wall Street analysts are beginning to suspect that many conglomerates have been overpriced. One of the most controversial conglomerates of all is debt-ridden Ling-Temco-Vought, which plans to reduce its controlling interest in Braniff Airlines from 67% to 55% and sell off some other assets, including all of its holdings in National Car Rental. L.T.V.'s stock declined last week by 8½ points, to a 1968-69 low of 74½, and the shares of many other popular conglomerates also suffered substantial losses.

BANKING

Assets for the Ghetto

Long before "black capitalism" became a politically popular catch phrase, Negro-owned "soul banks" started sprouting in ghetto areas. In 1962, there were ten Negro-owned and operated banks in the U.S., mainly in the South. Now there are 20. Their total assets are still quite low—less than 1% of the \$24 billion of the Bank of America, the nation's largest—and their performance has been less than sparkling. As a group they have earned no profit for the past three years. The failure is due to the lack of trained management and to all the handicaps of slums: high unemployment, low incomes and savings and marginal local businesses.

There is a pronounced difference be-



SNEED (LEFT) IN BOSTON'S UNITY

land Mutual Life Insurance Co. President Donald Sneed Jr., 35, a former real estate broker, reported a profit of \$47,520 for the first six months of the bank's operations.

The idea for a bank in Roxbury came from a Negro student at Harvard Business School, John Hayden, now 26. He wrote his master's thesis on black banking and then started buttonholing influential people, including Sneed. Businessman Sneed, who never went to college, did most of the groundwork. He advertised "the bank with a purpose" in the ghetto weekly and sold \$10 shares in the venture to 3,358 small investors. Boston's National Shawmut Bank and the New England Merchants National Bank contributed advice.

Business at Unity is done in a deliberately casual atmosphere designed



BURTON (LEFT) IN SEATTLE'S LIBERTY

Riding the wave of consciousness.

tween the old and new banks. The older ones are run by more conservative men and showed a 4.8% profit last year. The officers of newer banks tend to be more aggressive and inclined to take greater risks in lending to help build the black community. Most of their banks are in the red.

Outside Advice. There are also some promising newcomers. Three that have done well are Seattle's Liberty Bank, Kansas City's Swope Parkway National Bank and Boston's Unity Bank and Trust Co. All were started only last year, riding the wave of black consciousness. All got support from white bankers or businessmen.

Since Unity Bank was set up last June in the Negro Roxbury district of Boston, it has made about 600 loans without loss and brought in almost 6,000 depositors with more than \$7,000,000 in accounts. About two-thirds of its clients are black, but the bank also gets business from some white-owned firms, including the Gillette Co. and New Eng-

to put people at ease. Rock music plays softly from loudspeakers. Bank employees banter with people who just drop in to have a neighborly chat. "We're more than a bank," says Sneed. "If we have to say no to a customer, we say, 'No. Because...'"

Psychological Need. In Seattle, more and more Negroes who previously did not believe in depositing money in any bank are putting their trust in Liberty Bank, which opened last May. Within the first 70 days, deposits reached \$1,000,000; they had more than doubled by Dec. 31. Liberty's vice president, James I. Burton, 46, an engineer by training, says: "The bank has given pride and impetus to the black community. I think it demonstrates that the Negro doesn't want everything handed to him."

His sentiments are echoed by Lavannes C. Squires, 38, president of Kansas City's Swope Parkway National. The black-owned bank is "a major psychological need for the Negro, particularly

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		Paribas Corporation	

February 14, 1969.

the young," he says. Set up last July, Swope Parkway now has more than \$3,000,000 in accounts.

The banks that succeed seem to do so by recruiting able management and making the local black community feel deeply involved. One problem is that many Negroes still feel more secure depositing their money with white bankers. This will be overcome in time, as education spreads. The longer-term danger is that, in their desire for safe profits, the black bankers may become overly prudent and turn down loans to the new Negro entrepreneurs who alone can turn the dream of "black capitalism" into a reality.

AUTOS

Hill-and-Gully Riders

With its glamorous name and ungraceful looks, the Coot should be about as seductive to car buyers as two steel tubs hung between four large tires—which is just what it is. It is also the smartest thing on wheels to a growing corps of Coot fanciers. They drive it through mud, up mountains, across lakes and into woods, all the places conventional vehicles cannot roll. They use it to hunt, fish, mend fences, find stranded sheep and haul fertilizer. The vehicle is also put into service by federal forest rangers and by a dozen law enforcement agencies for search and rescue operations in rocky country.

Coot sales were 1,800 last year and are expected to double this year—hardly enough to worry executives at Ford or Chevy. But the \$1,595 Coot is the vanguard of a new kind of car, the "off-the-road vehicle." At least 14 other U.S. firms make similar vehicles at prices running around \$1,400 for the Terra-Tiger, \$1,500 for the Amphi-Cat, \$1,695 for the Muscateer and \$1,795 for the Pug.

Traction & Twist. The Coot was designed in 1964 by Carl Enos Jr., then an 18-year-old mechanic, as a utility vehicle for ranches. The car carries four passengers or 1,000 lbs. at 25 m.p.h. over fairly smooth ground. Through rough spots it is slower, but neither mud, sand nor grades as steep as 75% will stop it. In water, it cruises at 1½ m.p.h., propelled by its rotating wheels, or 5 m.p.h. with an optional prop. The open tubs, which form the 7-ft. 6-in. body, keep it afloat like a boat. They are connected by a jointed shaft that permits the Coot to flex with the terrain. With four-wheel drive and steering, there is always enough traction and twist to prevent tipping, come hill or gully. For the driver, this may make the ride exciting but hardly different from his car: there are a standard clutch, a brake and an accelerator, a steering wheel and a two-speed forward, neutral and reverse gearshift. Power is supplied by a 12-h.p. lawn-mower engine that runs two hours on a gallon of gas.

Two months ago, Founder Enos and his partner, Robert Mauser, sold Coot, Inc. for just over \$1,000,000 to Rand-



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HUNTING IN A COOT
Don't get a horse, get a...

tron, a new manufacturing conglomerate headquartered near San Francisco; Mauser and Enos stay on as president and vice president of the subsidiary. With 254 dealers throughout the U.S., and volume projected at \$5,500,000, the company should show its first profit this year. "Off-the-road vehicles," says Mauser, "serve the purpose for which people used to keep horses: to be able to go off alone where automobiles cannot go. But you can keep the Coot in the garage—and you don't have to feed it any hay." Besides, what horse ever came equipped with optional survey top and roll bar?

SERVICES

Mother Bell's Migraine

One of the most famous multibillion-dollar companies is harassed by a ten-cent problem. Too many of American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s pay phones are out of commission, having been pulled, kicked or picked apart by vandals and thieves. Last year A.T. & T. lost \$3,000,000 to them and spent another \$10 million repairing and replacing many of its 1,200,000 pay phones. That amounted to less than one-tenth of 1% of Mother Bell's revenues. The far greater cost is the incalculable loss of esteem in the eyes of people who wonder why they cannot make a call.

The trouble is common in Los Angeles, Washington, Chicago and Boston. Nowhere is it so acute as in New York, where an average 35,000 of the city's 100,000 pay phones are wrecked monthly. New York Telephone Co. last year lost nearly \$1,000,000 in coins and spent \$4,000,000 on repairs. The city's sidewalk phones are the worst hit: at least 25% are out of order all the time. At train stations, on subway platforms and in entire neighborhoods, it is sometimes impossible to find a working phone.

Guerrilla Warfare. Most of the losses and breakdowns are caused by professional thieves. They pick the lock of the coin box or stuff the coin chute with thin pieces of paper and after several would-be callers have dropped in their coins, retrieve the money. Last year one thief admitted that he habitually

got into 20 to 30 pay phones a day and earned \$20,000 annually. Less sophisticated professionals often smash the telephones or rip them out and carry them away. Plain spiteful vandalism also accounts for an increasing number of broken phones. Teen-agers rip out wires or steal receivers and dials just for perverse fun or an adolescent sign of protest. Some psychologists see similarities between the wrecking of telephones and the destruction of school property or cars (see BEHAVIOR). Such acts are believed to be caused, in part, by what psychologists call "the feeling of anonymity" that stimulates teen-agers and others to destroy property.

New York Telephone is waging what one official describes as "constant guerrilla warfare" to outguess the vandals and thieves. The company has begun to introduce stronger coin boxes and armored cables on pay phones. To reduce privacy, some telephone booths are gradually being replaced by open telephone stands in high-risk areas. Last month the company started sending out a "flying squad," whose 102 members patrol by foot, motor scooter, truck and station wagon to track down out-of-order coin phones. It used to take an average of four days to spot a broken phone; now the company claims that the breakdowns are reported in only two days. Still, weeks sometimes elapse before repairs can be made. As yet, the petty thieves have not been forced to go back to robbing poor boxes and penny gum machines.

MILESTONES

Died. Marjorie Uris, 26, former New York fashion model who married Author Leon Uris (*Exodus*, *Topaz*) six months ago; apparently by her own hand (.38-cal. revolver); in Aspen, Colo.

Died. Jack Kirkland, 66, newspaperman-turned-playwright who in 1933 transformed Erskine Caldwell's earthy *Tobacco Road* into one of the most successful Broadway plays of its time (more than 3,000 performances), wrote the Broadway version of *Man with the Golden Arm*, and recently completed the book for a musical adaptation of *Tobacco Road* entitled *Jeeter*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Dr. Guido Guida, 71, Sicilian ear-nose-and-throat specialist who in 1935 founded the International Radio Medical Center (CIRM) in Rome, which provides assistance for ships at sea that lack doctors, has radioed remedies and even emergency surgical instructions for some 40,000 ailing seamen; of cancer; in Rome.

Died. Kingsley Martin, 71, eminent British Socialist and editor of the *New Statesman* from 1931 to 1960, whose radical views helped shape Labor Party

policy and colored the entire fabric of British politics; of a stroke; in Cairo. When Martin came to the *New Statesman*, it was an insignificant left-wing weekly with a small readership and less clout. Martin drew his Fabian Society friends (G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells) to the pages of the magazine, made it Britain's foremost intellectual forum, increased circulation to 80,000. His own influential column, "London Diary," was utopian in thrust, often whimsical in tone, and maddening to the government. Though radicals rallied around him, he refused to be lured into politics. As he once said: "I always preferred to tell the other chap what to do."

Died. Eugene Vidal, 73, pioneer promoter of civil aviation and father of Author Gore Vidal; in Los Angeles, Calif. Vidal starred in football at West Point and competed in the decathlon in the Antwerp Olympic Games of 1920. He later taught aviation and coached football at the academy, resigned his commission in 1926 to become assistant general manager of Transcontinental Air Transport (now TWA). From 1933 to 1937 he was Director of Air Commerce in Washington, where he organized and expanded the Government's civil aero-

nautics program. Later he served as a director of Northeast Airlines and as aviation adviser to the Army Chief of Staff.

Died. Baroness Asquith of Yarnbury, 81, *grande dame* of British politics and symbol of the Liberal Party's intellectual-humanist tradition; in London. The daughter of Liberal Prime Minister Herbert Asquith (1908-16), Lady Asquith became her party's most eloquent spokesman in the 1930s. She was twice defeated for the House of Commons, but in 1964 was granted a lifetime peerage and thus a seat in the House of Lords—from which she berated Prime Minister Wilson for his failure to cope with Britain's economic woes.

Died. Ernest Ansermet, 85, who founded l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande in 1918 and conducted it with precision and puissance for 49 years; of a heart attack; in Geneva. A daring innovator, Ansermet was acclaimed by critics for his imaginative forays into Ravel, Debussy and Stravinsky. The Suisse Romande was always his first love, but he also helped found l'Orchestre Symphonique de Paris and occasionally shared the baton with Toscanini at the New York Philharmonic.

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BOOKS

A Postponement of Defeat

THE WOMAN DESTROYED by Simone de Beauvoir. 254 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

To Simone de Beauvoir, it seems madly denying unfair that a sufferer from the degenerative disease, life, should in addition be tormented by the petty affliction of being female. In three new novellas she returns to the theme as to a sore tooth.

As the title of the collection suggests, two of the self-absorbed women who relate their predicaments are truly destroyed and the third is near to it. But by what? By nothing worse—and this is what galls—than age, the defection of children, the cooling interest of husbands.

The best of the novellas is a strong and subtle study of growing old. In an anguished narration, a literary woman of 60 (Novelist de Beauvoir is 61) watches herself deteriorate into shrewish fury as her stable world shifts and then resettles, diminished, along the fault line of age. She realizes, at first only with impatience, that her husband is willfully allowing himself to become old. Nothing interests him. He is a respected scientist, but he says he has not had a fresh idea in 15 years, and he repeats the aphorism that "Great scientists are valuable to science in the first half of their lives and harmful in the second." She broods: "Philippe has gone, and I am to spend the rest of my life with an old man!" But this is ridiculous. She reasons that age need not mean decline; that even though one's body is no longer 20, to a reflective mind there are enormous advantages in possessing a rich load of memory; and that she herself has never written so well.

LOUIS BÉAR



SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR (1964)

Return to the theme as to a sore tooth.

Is any of it true? Suddenly the earth is no longer steady. Their son, whom she had raised to be a left-wing intellectual, quits work on his Ph.D. thesis and, to please his shallow wife, takes a profitable sinecure in the Ministry of Culture. (The choice is amusing: Leftist de Beauvoir is taking a poke at De Gaulle's "house" intellectual, Minister of Culture André Malraux.) Then reviews appear of her latest book, a work intended to offer fresh approaches to literary criticism. "Wearisome repetition," they say, or at best, "an interesting restatement." The reviewers are correct, she realizes, and it seems to her that her career is over. A vacation with her husband is painful. She refuses to swim. "An old man's body, I said to myself, watching him splash about in the water, is after all less ghastly than an old woman's."

In the end her earth does resettle. There is no victory, of course, but there is a postponement of defeat. Man and wife reach an accommodation with age. It is a counting of what is left, rather than what is gone: his clarity of mind and a measure of curiosity, her skill and knowledge, a love based solidly on respect. For the moment, these outweigh the prospect of false teeth and sciatica. Will they continue to? "I do not know. Let us hope so. We have no choice in the matter."

There is a considerable richness to this short work, and the other two novellas seem thin in comparison. One is a monologue, veering in and out of hysteria, by a used-up, discarded woman of 43 who has spent New Year's Eve alone and now is cursing herself to sleep. The other is the diary of a middle-aged housewife who gradually realizes that she is losing her husband to his mistress. Each recital of pain is perfectly counterfeited but contains no surprises. In balance, however, it can be agreed that Author de Beauvoir's latest book is more than just an interesting restatement of her fascination with the second sex, and that she is not, at least for the time being, doomed to spend the rest of her life with an old woman.

Savonarola of the Slums

CASTLE TO CASTLE by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. 359 pages. Delacorte. \$7.50.

"A body," Louis-Ferdinand Céline once wrote, "is always something that's true; that is why it's nearly always sad and repulsive to look at." Céline had ample opportunity to contemplate the human body in full adversity, for he was a doctor and he spent much of his adult life in a run-down Parisian suburb as one of those slum saints who cure what is curable in the poor for little or no pay. Partly as a result, he viewed the body of modern society with unparalleled revulsion and no hope. The only cure for life, he came to feel, was death.

Before World War II, Céline spat

PICTORIAL PARADE



LOUIS-FERDINAND CELINE (1961)

The only cure for life is death.

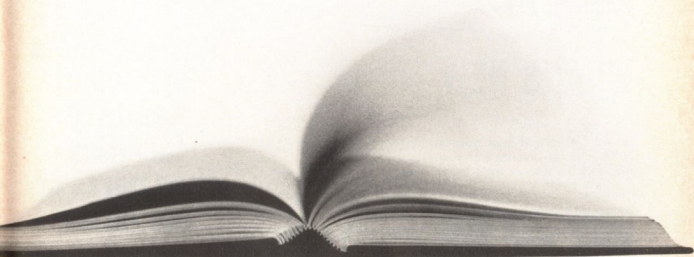
out the story of his life and times in savage prose poems of hatred and disgust, which instantly made him famous for his genius and notorious for his anti-Semitism. He was a vagrant, a prisoner, a hero during the first World War and a traitor during the Second. In 1944 he was jailed for collaborating with the Nazis, and for the next few years was in exile when not in prison. Now, seven years after his death in 1961, *Castle to Castle*, the final book by this demented genius, appears in English translation for the first time.

Together with *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Installment Plan*, the book, published in Europe in 1957, concludes a crazed autobiographical trilogy—one of the most terrible ever written. Its perverse moral passion is all the more forceful because its obscene invective, snarled out in the argot of the streets, is that of a slum Savonarola raging against men not for living wrongly but for living at all.

Schizoid Mirror. Whatever new and hopeful may have been born in the 20th century, it is generally agreed that much of value has died in our times too. To some, that death began with the first blow of European fratricide, struck in August 1914. For Céline, though, it was the fall of Stalingrad that marked "the end of white man's civilization." In the paroxysm of Hitler's waning power in Europe, he finally found an external circumstance to match the horror of his own inner condition. Accordingly, in bringing to life some of the ghouls that feasted on the body of an age, he shows a private dementia reflected in the splintered mirror of a schizoid society.

While Céline's earlier volumes were set against the corruption of pre-war France, *Castle to Castle* takes place in

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ABETZ (1949) PÉTAIN (1945)
Houseboat on the Styx.

a special Nazi detention camp. The author's attention is focused, if flashes of sheet lightning can be said to focus, on the "Boche Baroque" fortress-prison of Siegmaringen. The time is late in the war. France has already been liberated by the Allies. At Siegmaringen, French collaborators (including Céline) are huddled together, fearful of R.A.F. bombs, of their German masters and, most of all, of one another. In this bedlam, swarming with bizarre characters, are real personages from history like Pierre Laval and Marshal Pétain, as well as the Communist poet Louis Aragon and Otto Abetz, Hitler's ex-Gauleiter in Paris. "A pack of the most rapacious wolves in Europe" Céline calls them, all betrayers of someone outside, all frenetically performing a dance of hate, fear and lechery.

Céline's phantasmagoria of apology and accusation calls for surrealist stage scenery and howling symbolism. A Seine barge becomes a houseboat on the Styx with doomed souls; Charon paddles with bones. Céline submerges readers in his stream-of-consciousness style, a brutal staccato in which about five words stutter out for every three dots. It sustains the impression of uncontrollable anger and unassuageable hatred as Céline rants against every contemporary literary and political figure, against the partisans who looted his apartment in Paris, against the post-Vichy government that imprisoned him. All is venom. The language seems spontaneous, yet it is actually the result of the most careful artifice. Céline once said that he wrote 600,000 longhand words for every 60,000 that he permitted to appear.

Mosaic Observations. The reissue two years ago of *Death on the Installment Plan* helped confirm Céline's status as an important college-cult figure. *Castle to Castle* may mark wider recognition in the U.S. for Céline as one of the considerable writers of this century. Yet Céline's belief that he was in the esthetic avant-garde is overblown, and so are the claims that this book is a germinal literary event. Céline said

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**ABC
Evening News
with
Frank Reynolds**



that he wrote the way people talk and evidently regarded this as a startling innovation. It may be considered a departure only by comparison with the preposterous presumption of the 1930s, when French novelists assumed that all Parisians thought like Voltaire and talked like Racine. In England and elsewhere, low speech in fiction has been a commonplace convention for decades. Only a Frenchman would regard it as a Gallic invention.

Idiosyncratic as Céline's novels are, they nevertheless offer a mosaic of clinically observed poor and pitiable people. Recent French novels, on the other hand, have abjured any attempt to examine man on a Proustian or Balzacian scale in favor of esthetic grimcrackery, narrow psychological study and freakish private experiment. As a literary construction, *Castle to Castle* is equivocal—a hateful papier-mâché funfair castle inhabited by real monsters.

Others and Others

RAVEN SEEK THY BROTHER by Gavin Maxwell. 210 pages. Dutton. \$6.95.

Gavin Maxwell is a kilted Scots eccentric who likes to live in conditions of barbarous discomfort in the bleakest of bleak houses on the icy shores of the most inhospitable islands left in Europe. Like all semi-hermits, he enjoys telling the world how much he does not miss it and informing man that he prefers the company of others, particularly otters. *Ring of Bright Water*, his book about his ottery on the coast of the West Highlands of Scotland, was a British and U.S. bestseller. In *Raven Seek Thy Brother*, he records the disastrous contacts with the world that followed his literary success.

Wordsworthian Woosie. It has been Maxwell's choice to adopt ways of life most mortifying to the flesh. He has been a freelance journalist, and anyone who has engaged in this hazardous occupation knows well which way the lance is pointed. In war, he felt at home as a kilted instructor of Special Forces. For pleasure, he opts for places like Lapland or the marshes of southern Iraq, where the inhabitants live in mud and eat cormorant. He has written ten books, half of them about wild animals (including sharks) and two about wild men—the tribesmen of the Atlas Mountains and the Sicilian bandit Giuliano.

It might be thought that Maxwell is declining into tame middle age, now that he has begun concentrating so much of his attention on dogs. But no. At one stage, as he recounts in this book, there were 26 of them, all apparently with the run of the house. They had to be kept away from the otters, Edal and Teko, who had to be kept away from each other. And what dogs. Some were Great Danes, and even these were dwarfed by Dirk and Hazel—two gigantic Deerhounds nearly as big as bison. What it cost to keep this menagerie in

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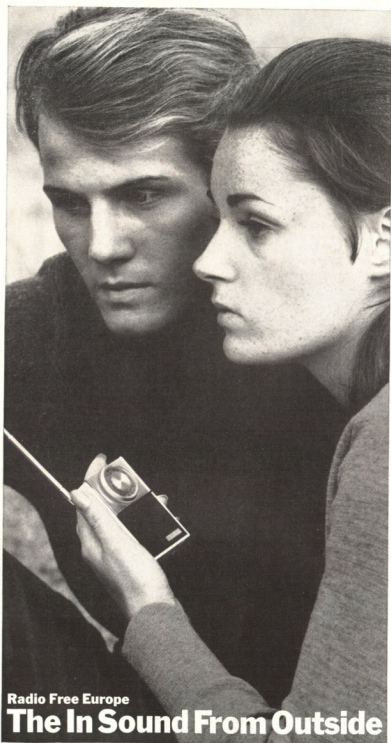
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protein staggers the imagination. Also, liberated otters kept returning to the old homestead, and for variety there were at one time a distressed Fulmar and Shearwater (birds of the albatross order) on the household roster.

Only a man capable of writing of a "benign vulture" could have found this zoo tolerable, especially when the rigors of Scottish weather made it a daunting experience to spend much time out of doors. Yet of such scenes and a large cast of nonhuman characters Gavin Maxwell creates charming books. He writes clear, vivid English free of the hoked-up sentiment and Wordsworthian woozle that clog the prose of all too many nature writers.

The Magic Tree. The charm of Maxwell's newest book is all the more puzzling for the fact that it is so unre-

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MAXWELL & EDAL


Most mortifying ways of life.

lenting a catalogue of tribulations. There are the complications of the "simple life" in grim outposts such as the abandoned lighthouses favored by Maxwell, where transport and communications make things more expensive, he notes, than "any five-star hotel." There is the grisly episode involving Terry, Maxwell's young assistant, who developed gangrene after one of the otters bit him. As Maxwell relates it: "I remembered with sick horror Terry's fingers after they had been chewed off by Edal; the stench . . ." There are the libel judgments against Maxwell, awarded as a result of the bandit book. Finally, there is the forced exodus from Camusfearna, the bleak house that Maxwell made famous but that burned down a year ago. Only one otter was saved. Edal was solemnly buried at the foot of a rowan tree, to which the Highlanders attribute magic properties. For all the calamities documented by Maxwell, his book is infused with some of that magic.



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